# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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## Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

### *PIETY AND POLITICS AT THE SOUTH.*

From The North Carolina Presbyterian.

WHILST a diversity of views concerning the moral and political relations of slavery exists at the North, and is patent to the most careless observer, there is a unity of sentiment at the South which is as hopeful as it is extraordinary. Though the Southern mind is divided on every other subject, social, moral and political, on slavery it is a unit. That slaveholding is both right and righteous, justifiable in the sight of man and God; that the relation of master and slave is neither sinful nor unnatural; that the system was designed for good, and has resulted in untold and inconceivable blessings to the negro race; that it is the duty of our people to pass and execute laws for the protection of their property, the maintenance of their institutions, and the punishment of intermeddlers and incendiaries; on all these points, there is no division of opinion in the South.

Our citizens are prepared, as with the heart and hand of one man, to assert and defend these principles in the halls of legislation, at the polls, and with arms if need be, against invaders of their homes. They do not ask or expect their brethren at the North to be pro-slavery, to introduce the system on their boasted "free soil," or even to admire it where it is already established by law. They merely insist that they shall be let alone, and allowed to live in peace and security. The contest in November will decide the issue. If the decision is unfavorable, and the worst comes to the worst, the North will be divided against itself, while the South will be a united host in defence of its rights and honor. May God, in His mercy and wisdom, put to shame the counsels of those who are urging forward the "irrepressible conflict," and decide the issue in favor of the Union!

### *SPEAKER PENNINGTON.*

From The Washington Constitution.

WHILE Governor of New Jersey, he (Pennington) repeatedly expressed his resolution to enforce the Fugitive Slave law, and put down any attempt to violate the Constitution. He is thus far more tolerable than would have been Mr. Sherman. His nomination and election by the vote of Mr. Briggs is a defeat of the Black Republicans—a signal defeat—and one which they feel most poignantly. It proves, as Gen. Clark happily remarked, "that an endorser of the Helper book cannot be Speaker," and that, henceforth, the Helperites, like the turkey, wounded, but not caught, "will have to roost lower the rest of their lives."

From The Richmond Enquirer.

IT is with the deepest mortification that we are called upon to record an event of national shame and disgrace. A reference to our telegraphic column will show that a leader of a party whose political watchword is "sectional hatred" has been chosen to fill the third highest office within the gift of this Confederacy. Now, indeed, active and decided resistance to wrong can furnish the only safeguard against the violence of revolution, the only palladium of the Constitution and the Union.

The election of Pennington, after the defeat of Smith, is even more alarming than would have been the success of Sherman. The defeat of Smith too plainly indicates that no patriotic purpose, no Union ends, animate the enemies of slavery in the House of Representatives. This defeat confirms every charge of bitter animosity to the South—of deadly hostility to slavery—of determined purpose of continued aggression upon the Constitution—of settled and foregone resolution to distort the Union to the unholy end of overthrowing slavery. What next? The Southern States must rally to the Constitution, or the Union will inevitably be dissolved. The conference of the Southern States must be had, not as a party, but as a patriotic measure under the approbation of all Virginia united.

### *TACTICS OF THE ENEMY.*

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* published the annexed circular, copies of which have been received in that city:

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1859.

SIR: The alarming progress of abolition sentiment at the North, and the importance of doing something to check it by the time the next Presidential election takes place, has induced the formation of an Association in New York, called the "Radical Democratic Association," whose object is to act in concert with the Democratic National Association at Washington, in the canvass of each State, the dissemination of anti-abolition documents, and in a thorough organization of the Democratic party in the North.

In order to effect this, you are requested to carefully prepare a list of Democrats whose address is at your post-office, by filling up the blank upon the opposite page.

Please designate, if possible, who are *Douglas* and who *Anti-Douglas* men, and mark the most active Democrats thus: "A. D."

This circular is sent to you alone at your post-office, and the Association will rely upon your zeal and discretion to prepare the list judiciously.

By order of the Executive Committee of the Radical Democratic Association.

Rooms, Lafarge House, Broadway, New York.

☞ Direct your answer to the Secretary of the Association, "R. G. HORTON, Box 1,255 New York post-office."

### *CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.*

IT was Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, we believe, who, in his testimony before the Senate Committee in the Harper's Ferry investigation, stated that he sent one of the Browns to some point in Ohio, where a charitable society existed for liberating slaves, believing that such an organization, having common purposes with Brown, would perhaps aid him with funds. Thus we have Mr. Giddings's definition of a Charitable Society. Charity, according to his understanding of the term, consists in stealing, in robbing the people of another State of their property, in depriving them of their legal rights, and disturbing their domestic harmony and peace. This is slightly different from Webster, who defines charity to mean "love, benevolence and good will; that disposition of heart which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow-men, and to do them good. Candor, liberality in judging of men and their actions," &c., &c.

There is a marked difference between charity according to Giddings and charity according to Webster. The one is the charity of hate and evil, the other that of love and good will. Mr. Giddings appears to be well versed in the operations of "charitable societies" such as he describes, and we suppose many of his fellow Republicans, in Congress and out, have equally accurate information on such topics. In law there is but a shadow of difference between a thief and one who aids the thief to commit his crime; and we think a sound morality would find it equally difficult to distinguish between the man who steals a negro and he who, as a member of one of Mr. Giddings's "Charitable Societies," contributes funds to enable the thief to accomplish his object.—*Journal of Commerce.*

### *KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.*

A REMARKABLE admission as to the infidel tendency of abolitionism is made by the London *Record*, the very organ of Exeter Hall, and its fulminating philanthropists. Speaking of the perversion of Lord Macaulay's religious views, as well as those of the sons of Wilberforce, it says: "Although his father was not what the biographer of the London *Times* terms him, 'a sturdy Calvinist,' but, on the contrary, held doctrinal views tending to Arminianism, yet, like too many of the children of the 'Clapham sect,' the gifted son seemed, like Sir James Stephens, Conybeare, and the Wilberforces, to be in after life unfriendly to the religious principles and to the character of Evangelical professors. It almost seemed as if the close intimacy which the abolition question occasioned with merely worldly and sometimes unbelieving philanthropists had been a snare which entrapped the intellect of the rising generation."—*Richmond (Va.) Central Presbyterian.*

WHAT THE SOUTH DEMANDS.—We care not a straw about anti-slavery sentiments in the abstract. The people at the North are welcome to think that the institution is wrong or an evil. We know that, but with few exceptions, they are all opposed to it. What the South wants and asks is that they will leave it to be dealt with by her own people in her own way, and not to be making it a ground of incessant outcry, agitation, insult and outrage in the way they are doing. We simply desire and demand that we shall be let alone in this matter, so that we may peacefully enjoy the benefits of the sacred compact of Union which our fathers established.—*Petersburg (Va.) Express*

## Selections.

### *EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER TO A FRIEND IN BOSTON.*

ROME, Dec. 24, 1859.

WHAT a stormy time you are having in America! Your cradle was rocked in the Revolution, and now, in your old age, you see the storm of another Revolution beginning: none knows when and where it shall end. Yesterday, the telegraph brought us the expected intelligence that the slaveholders had hung Capt. John Brown! Of course, I knew, from the moment of his capture, what his fate would be: the logic of slavery is stronger than the intellect or personal will of any man, and it bears all Southern politicians along with it. No martyr whose tragic story is writ in the Christian books ever bore himself more heroically than Capt. Brown; for he was not only a martyr—any bully can be that—but also a SAINT—which no bully can ever be. None ever fell in a more righteous cause: it has a great future, too, which he has helped bring nearer and make more certain. I confess I am surprised to find love for the man, admiration for his conduct, and sympathy with his object, so wide-spread in the North, especially in New England, and more particularly in dear, good old Boston! Think of the Old South on the same platform with Emerson and Phillips! Think of sermons like Wheelock's, Newhall's, Freeman Clarke's and Cheever's Thanksgiving sermon at New York—an Orthodox minister of such bulk putting John Brown before Moses! The New York *Herald* had an extract from * * * * sermon. It was such as none but a mean soul could preach on such an occasion; but we must remember that it taxes a mean man as much to be mean and little as it does a noble one to be grand and generous. Every minister must bear sermons after his kind; "for of a thorn men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes." I rather think the Curtises did not fire a hundred cannon on Boston Common when they heard that John Brown was hung, as they did when the Fugitive Slave bill passed. There has been a little change since 1850, and men not capable of repentance are yet liable to shame—and if they cannot be converted, may yet be scared.

Well, things can never stand as they did three months ago. On the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, at daybreak, Old England and New—Great Britain and the thirteen colonies—were one nation. At sunrise, they were two. The fire of the grenadiers made reconciliation impossible, and there must be war and separation. It is so now. Great events turn on small hinges, and let mankind march through. How different things happen from what we fancy! All good institutions are founded on some great truth of the mind or conscience; and, when such a truth is to be put over the world's highway, we think it must be borne forward on the shoulders of some mighty horse whom God has shod strong all round for that special purpose, and we wonder where the creature is, and when he will be road-ready; and look after his deep foot-prints, and listen for his step or his snorting. But it sometimes happens that the Divine Providence uses quite humble cattle to bear his most precious burthens, both fast and far. Some 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, a body of fugitives—slaves—poor, leprous, ill-clad, fled out of Egypt, under the guidance of a man who slew an Egyptian. He saw a man do a vile thing to one of his slaves, and lynched him on the spot—then ran for it.

Those fugitive slaves had a great truth. The world, I think, had not known before "The Oneness of God"; at least, their leader had it, and for hundreds of years did this despised people keep the glorious treasure which Egypt did not know—which Greece and Rome never understood. Who would have thought the Ark of such salvation would have been trusted to such feeble hands!

Some 1,800 or 1,900 years ago, who would have looked to a Jewish Carpenter of Galilee, and a Jewish tentmaker of Tarsus in Cilicia, with few adherents—fishermen—obscure people—unlearned and ignorant men? Who would have looked to such persons for a truth of religion which should overturn all the temples of the old world, and drive the gods of Olympus from their time-honored thrones of reverence and power? The Rome of the Popes is, no doubt, as Polytheistic as the Rome of the Cæsars—but the old gods are gone, and men worship the Fisherman and the Tent-maker.

It was the Augustinian Monk who broke the Roman Hierarchy to atoms. Tough in the brains, tough in the bones, mighty also by his love of the people and his trust in God, he did what it seemed only the great councils of the learned could accomplish—he routed the Popes, and wrested the German world from their rude and bloody gripe.

At a later day, when the new Continent which God had kept from the foundation of the world—a virgin bid away between the Atlantic and the Pacific seas—was to be joined to Humanity, in the hopes of founding such a Family of Men as the world had never seen, was there any one who would have thought that the Puritan, hated in his British home, and driven out thence with fire and sword, would be the Representative of Humanity, and claim and win that Bride, and wed her too, with nuptials now so auspicious? Yet so it turns out, and the greatest social and political achievement of the human race is wrought out by that Puritan, with his Bride, whose only dower was her broad lands. Really, it seems as if God chose the small things to confound the great. But when we look again, and study carefully the relation which these seemingly insignificant agents bear to the whole force of Humanity, then it appears they were the very agents most fit for the work they did. I think it will turn out so in the case of Capt. Brown. What the masterly eloquence of Seward could not accomplish, even by his manly appeal to the Higher Law, nor the eloquence of Phillips and Sumner, addressed to the conscience and common sense of the people, seems likely to be brought to pass by John Brown—no statesman, no orator, but an upright and downright man, who took his life in his hand, and said, "*Slavery shall go down*, even if it be put down with red swords!" I thanked God for John Brown years ago: he and I are no strangers, and still more now his sainthood is crowned with martyrdom. I am glad he came from that Mayflower company—that his grandfather was a captain in the Revolutionary war: the true aristocratic blood of America runs in such veins. All the grand institutions of America, which give such original power to the people, came from that Puritan stock, who trusted in God, and kept their powder dry—who stood up straight when they prayed, and also when they fought. Yes, all the grand original ideas, which are now on their way to found new institutions, and will make the future better than the past or present—they come from the same source.

Virginia may be the mother of Presidents (she yet keeps the ashes of two great ones—only their ashes, not their souls), but it is New England that is mother of great ideas. God is their Father—mother also of communities, rich with intelligent and democratic power.

John Brown came from a good lineage; his life proves it—and his death. It is not for you or me to select the instruments wherewith the Providence of mankind has the world's work done by human hands: it is only for us to do our little duty, and take the good and ill which come of it.

When the monster which hinders the progress of Humanity is to be got rid of, no matter if the battle-axe have rust on its hilt, and spots, here and there, upon its blade—mementos of ancient work; if its edge have but the power to bite, the monster shall be cloven down, and mankind walk triumphantly on, to-morrow, to fresh work and triumphs new.

But I did not mean to write you such a letter as this—it wrote itself, and I couldn't help it. I cannot sleep nights for thinking of these things. I am ashamed to be sick and good for nothing in times like these, but can't help it, and must be judged by what I can do, not can't and don't.

It is curious to find the slaves volunteering to go to shoot men (in buckram) who are coming "a thousand at a time to rescue Capt. Brown"! The African is as much superior to the Anglo-Saxon in cunning and arts of hypocrisy—except the ecclesiastical—as he is inferior in general power of mind. Didn't a negro in Savannah tell a Northern minister, "I no want to be free!—I only 'fraid to be slave of sin! dat's it, massa, Ise 'fraid of de Debil, not of massa!" What a guffaw he gave when with his countrymen alone! and how he mimicked the gestures of the South-side, white-choked priest, who bore "his great commission in his work!"

But I end as I began—what a stormy time is before us! There are not many men of conscience like John Brown, but abundance of men of wrath—and the time for them—I know not when it is.

Farewell! THEODORE PARKER.

### *EXILING FREE COLORED PEOPLE.*

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

IN consequence of a law passed by the Legislature of Arkansas, compelling the free colored people either to leave the State or to be enslaved, we, a number of exiles driven out by this inhuman statute, who reached Ohio on the 3d of January, 1860, feeling a deep sense of the wrong done us, make this appeal to the Christian world.

We appeal to you, as children of a common Father and believers in a crucified Redeemer. To-day we are exiles, driven from the homes of our childhood, the scenes of our youth, and the burial-places of our friends. We are exiles; not that our hands have been stained with guilt or our lives accused of crime. Our fault, in a land of Bibles and Churches, of baptisms and prayers, is, that in our veins flows the blood of an outcast race; a race oppressed by power and proscribed by prejudice; a race cradled in wrong and nurtured in oppression.

In the very depth of winter we have left a genial climate of sunny skies, to be homeless strangers in the regions of the icy North. Some of the exiles have left children, who were very dear; but to stay with them was to involve ourselves in a lifetime of slavery. Some left dear companions; they were enslaved, and we had no other alternative than slavery or exile. We were weak; our oppressors were strong. We were feeble, scattered, helpless; they, being powerful, placed before us slavery or banishment. We chose the latter. Poverty, trials and all the cares incident to a life of freedom are better, far better, than slavery.

From this terrible injustice we appeal to the moral sentiment of the world. We turn to the free North; but even here oppression tracks our steps. Indiana shuts her doors upon us. Illinois denies us admission to her prairie homes. Oregon refuses us an abiding-place for the soles of our weary feet. And even Minnesota has our exclusion under consideration. In Ohio we found kind hearts; hospitality opened her doors; generous hands reached out a warm and hearty welcome. For this, may the God of the Fatherless ever defend and bless them.

And now, Christians, we appeal to you, as heirs of the same heritage and children of the same Father, to protest against this gross and inhuman outrage, which has been committed beneath the wing of the American Eagle, and in the shadow of the American Church. We ask you, by the love, the pity and the mercy in the religion of Jesus Christ, that you will raise your voices and protest against this sin.

Editors of newspapers, formers of public opinion, conductors of intelligence and thought, we entreat you to insert this appeal in your papers, and unite your voices against this outrage which disgraces our land, and holds it up to shame before the nations of the earth. We entreat you to move a wave of influence, which will widen and spread through all the earth, and roll back and wash away the stain.

Christian mothers, by our plundered cradles and childbereft hearts, we appeal to you and ask your protest.

Christian fathers, by all the sacred associations that cluster around the name, father, we appeal to you, to swell the tide of indignation against our shameful wrongs.

We appeal to the Church of Christ among all nations, kindreds, tongues and people, to protest against this inhumanity that has driven us from our homes and our kindred.

Members of all political parties, we ask your protest, in the name of a common humanity, against this cruel act of despotism.

Christian ministers, we appeal to you, in the name of Him who came to "preach good tidings to the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," to lay before your congregation, the injustice done us, and the wickedness of a system that tramples on the feeble and crushes out the rights of the helpless.

And we appeal to the God of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow, that He will remember His word, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me"; that He will move the hearts of His children everywhere to unite their testimony against this unequalled iniquity that writes "property" on man, that chattelizes the immortal mind, and makes merchandise of the deathless soul. We appeal to Him who does not permit a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, to plead the cause of the poor and needy, and set him at rest from him that puffeth at him.

ELIZA ANN WEST, Redfork, Desha County, Arkansas.
ANN ELIZA WEST, Redfork, Desha County, Arkansas.
ELIZABETH TAYLOR WEST, Redfork, Desha County, Arkansas.
AGNES WEST, Redfork, Desha County, Arkansas.
LANDY WAGGONER, Redfork, Desha County, Arkansas.
RACHEL LOVE, Napoleon, Arkansas.
WM. H. NEWCOMB, Napoleon, Arkansas.
HENRY MCGRATH, Napoleon, Arkansas.
POLLY TAYLOR, Little Rock, Arkansas.
CAROLINE PARKER, Little Rock, Arkansas.
JANE THOMSON, Little Rock, Arkansas.
NELLY GRINTON, Little Rock, Arkansas.

### *BEECHER FOUND WANTING.*

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat.

THE "irrepressible conflict" seems at last to have crept into and disturbed the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, of which Henry Ward Beecher is pastor. It broke out on the question of donating funds to the American Board of Missions in contradistinction to a peculiar anti-slavery Board, which has recently been organized. Mr. Beecher took the ground of making no distinction in the use of the funds, but treating the pro-slavery as the anti-slavery body, in the distribution. His chief opponent was Mr. Theodore Tilton, a member of his own Church, and one of the editors of *The Independent*. Mr. Beecher naturally triumphed for the time. We look upon this as the beginning of a conflict there which will end in a rupture of the Church and the final overthrow of Beecher. The point in his history has arrived when he has demonstrated that, with all his ability and power, he lacks that consistency of character necessary to maintain the leading position he has attained. He fears to follow his own logic to its inevitable deductions. He hesitates, and the mass he has himself invoked and set in motion will inevitably crush him. He is a *moral* teacher on the question of slavery. His action, and that of his Church, is bounded by no Congressional enactments nor constitutional limits. The only foundation and inspiration for his labors has been the *moral* wrong of slavery, and his efforts could legitimately cease only when the moral wrong was obliterated. Of course the legitimate deductions from his premises would be that he could consistently lend no aid, comfort, nor strength, directly nor indirectly, to this wrong. In this case the question came distinctly before him, and the weight of his advice and influence was thrown in favor of, at least, an indirect sanction and a direct support of this great *moral* wrong. Man proposes, but God disposes. We may vaticinate and speculate as we please over this matter, and find a thousand reasons and excuses for Mr. Beecher, but it is not the less a fact that the common sense and discrimination of all men will stamp him as inconsistent with himself—as *unreliable* in the great conflict with wrong; and he must go down where so many men before him have gone who have been tried and finally "found wanting."

### *SPURGEON ON SLAVERY.*

*To the Editors of The Christian Watchman and Reflector.*

I HAVE always considered it to be my duty to deal with those sins which I perceived to be most rampant among my hearers. We miss the mark when we preach of abstract individuals. It is very easy to talk about the brutality of the uneducated when addressing my lord and my lady, but I prefer to tell these gentry their own sins, and not to flatter them by comparing them with others. This rule has brought me at divers times into no little trouble, which I have very cheerfully endured, and have rejoiced therein. But now a new outcry is raised in your land, and I am charged, not with being too severe with Brother Jonathan, but with letting him off too easily. Having no slaveholders in England, I should have been beating the air if I had preached against slavery to my people, for this is the very last crime they are likely to commit. It is far more probable that any slaveholder who should show himself in our neighborhood would get a mark which *he* would carry to his grave, if it did not carry *him* there.

I do from my inmost soul detest slavery anywhere and everywhere; and although I commune at the Lord's table with men of all creeds, yet with a slaveholder I have no fellowship of any sort or kind. Whenever one has called upon me, I have considered it my duty to express my detestation of his wickedness, and would as soon think of receiving a murderer into my church, or into any sort of friendship, as a man-stealer. Nevertheless, as I have preached in London and not in New York, I have very seldom made any allusion to American slavery in my sermons. This accounts for the rumor that I have left out the *anti slavery* from my American edition of sermons. This is not true in any measure, for, as far as my memory serves me, I cannot remember that the subject was handled at all in any of my printed sermons beyond a passing allusion, and I have never altered a single sentence in a sermon which has been sent to my American publishers beyond the mere correction which involved words and not sense. However, if any think me capable of such double dealing, I doubt not that they judge of me by themselves, and from such persons esteem is not desirable. I do not, therefore, regret the loss of it. I have this much to say to all who respect me in America: I did not want to be blaming you constantly, while there are sins enough in my own country, but I shall not spare your nation in future. I shall remember that my voice echoes beyond the Atlantic, and the crying sin of a man-stealing people shall not go unrebuked. I did not know that I had been so fully adopted a citizen of your republic, but, finding that you allow me to be one of yourselves, I will speak out quite severely enough, and perhaps more sharply than will meet with approbation.

I have not been altogether silent upon the subject, for I have spoken with burning words when the matter has been on hand, but, as this has usually been upon the platform, and not from the pulpit, these utterances have not reached the press. I must see that there are some such things in the sermons, if not in England, at least in America. Messrs. Sheldon & Co. are ready to publish anything I may have to say on the matter, and I shall also avail myself of *The Watchman and Reflector*.

Finally, let me add, John Brown is immortal in the memories of the good in England, and in my heart he lives. I am yours most truly, C. H. SPURGEON.

Clapham, London, Jan., 1860.

### *MR. BEECHER REFUSING THE GAG.*

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

From The St. Louis Democrat.

*Mr. Davis's Letter to Mr. Beecher.*

ST. LOUIS, ——, 1859.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, Brooklyn—*Dear Sir:* On behalf of the Mercantile Library Association of this city, it is my pleasant duty to address you. We are now endeavoring to form the lecture programme for our Association for the coming season, and we wish to do so as early as possible. Fully appreciating your well-known reputation as a lecturer and an orator, we should be pleased to make an engagement with you for two or three lectures the coming fall or winter. If you can serve us, will you be so kind as to give us your *terms*, *time* and *subject* as soon as possible.

As our Association may not be well known to you, permit me to say one word in regard to it. We think that there is no Library Association in this country that is in a more prosperous condition than ours. It has some eighteen hundred members, and is rapidly increasing. Its members are merchants, clerks and members from the several professions. As a matter of course, these members come from all parts of our country, and naturally entertain a variety of views, both as to politics and religion. Hence it becomes our Association to be very careful to eschew all matters pertaining to either of these subjects in its lectures. Should you be so kind as to favor us with a course of lectures—and we sincerely hope you will do so—you will please bear the above facts in mind.

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I remain, yours truly, R. H. DAVIS,
Ch'n Lecture Com. M. L. A.

*Mr. Beecher's Reply.*

BROOKLYN, ——, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letter politely inviting me to give one or more lectures before the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association next fall or winter. But you ask, in consequence of the diversity of opinions among your members, that I should, if I accepted your invitation, "*eschew all matters pertaining to politics and religion.*" I am too much of a patriot to eschew the one, and too good a Christian to neglect the other. Indeed, the only motive that I have for lecturing at all is the hope that I may make better citizens and better Christians of my fellow-men. And it seems to me that a course of lectures from which had been strained out "all matters pertaining to politics and religion" must afford but a very meagre diet to the young people of St. Louis.

Nor can I imagine why you should, under the circumstances, have wished me to visit you. If I have ever been of any service to my fellow-men, it has been because I never would eschew any topic which I thought it needful for them to hear. Nor have I ever allowed myself to stand on any platform where I could not follow my own judgment as to what should be said, with the most unlimited freedom. And it is too late in my life for me to yield up my sense of self-respect, and come under a censorship.

I hope I have not taken seriously a matter which, perhaps, you meant only as a pleasant jest. For, on reading your letter again, I can hardly repress the conviction that you deemed it a pleasant jest to ask me to come all the way to St. Louis to give lectures, under an implied agreement that I should "*eschew all matters pertaining to politics and religion.*"

Accept my congratulations upon the prosperity of your Association, as stated in your letter, and allow me, I trust without offence, to hope that before long the young men will be able to listen, without shrinking, to the free speech of any honest man who may have convictions, on moral and civil duties, worthy of a man and a citizen.

I am, very truly, yours, H. W. BEECHER.

### *MR. BAYARD TAYLOR AND THE YOUNG CHRISTIANS (!) OF VIRGINIA.*

*Mr. Howison to Mr. Taylor.*

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 23, 1860.

BAYARD TAYLOR, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I regret to say that reasons, the full force of which had not developed itself when I last wrote to you, compel me to withdraw the invitation heretofore given you to deliver lectures before the Young Men's Christian Association of this city.

Believing that you would prefer that these reasons should be candidly stated to you, I shall briefly do so. They are:

I. Your connection with *The Tribune* newspaper, which has done more than any paper in our country to diffuse the Abolition sentiments and principles which led to the assault of the murderer and robber John Brown upon Virginia.

II. The sceptical character of certain parts of your lecture on Humboldt, which indicate that you do not fully believe the Divine Inspiration and authority of the Sacred Scriptures—a belief firmly held by Christians of the Southern States, and which they consider an indispensable safeguard against Abolitionism, Spiritualism, Free-Loveism, and all the other forms of fanaticism so prevalent in the North.

While such objections exist in the mind of our community, I cannot suppose it would be agreeable to you to visit us.

Your letters to me have been very courteous, and have indicated a willingness to gratify us, for which I beg you will accept our thanks. Very respectfully and truly yours, R. R. HOWISON, Chairman.

*Mr. Taylor's Reply.*

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 3, 1860.

R. R. HOWISON, Esq.—*Sir:* Your letter of the 23d ult. has been forwarded to me.

I acknowledge your candor; though I might naturally have looked for a more courteous expression of it.

My literary connection with *The New York Tribune* is of twelve years' standing. It is indicated in most of my published works, and so well known to those who know anything of my history that I can scarcely conceive you were ignorant of it. I have visited the Southern States, as an avowed correspondent of that paper, have lectured in Kentucky and *Virginia*, and received cordial invitations from Nashville, Memphis, Augusta and Savannah. Hence, I considered your own letter of invitation as another evidence that, however politicians might differ, there was no "sectionalism" in the world of Literature and Art, and even made arrangements to lecture before your Society, at some inconvenience to myself. It was a pleasant reflection that, while my friend, John R. Thompson, Esq., of your city, was receiving in our Literary Associations of the North that respect to which his talents entitle him, I, a Northern author, should, at the same time, appear before a Richmond audience. I have heretofore supposed it possible that I might privately hold the opinions of Washington and Jefferson on the subject of slavery, yet—so long as I should not publicly express those opinions—be sure of respectful treatment in the State which gave those great men to our common country.

You speak of my lecture on Humboldt with so much assurance that I presume you must have heard it. I cannot suppose that you, the President of an association which claims to be preëminently Christian, would make so grave a charge against any one from hearsay or imperfect knowledge. *You know*, therefore, that the only points in that lecture which have any reference to religion are these: I defend Humboldt from the charge of infidelity, stating my belief that a deep religious feeling formed the basis of his character, and, furthermore, I dissent from the assertion of a few narrow-minded theologians that Science is necessarily atheistic in its tendencies. I confess to a profound astonishment that you should consider such opinions an evidence of "scepticism," indicating a want of belief in "the Divine inspiration and authority of the Sacred Scriptures." If the belief that Humboldt was *not* an infidel makes me one, by the same logic, if I believe you to be an infidel, I prove myself a Christian.

In conclusion, let me say that I have travelled in all the principal portions of the earth—that I know all forms of government and all religious creeds, from personal observation and study; but that nowhere, in any of the lands or races most bitterly hostile to Republicanism and Christianity, have I ever been subjected to a narrower or more insulting censorship.

Yours, for free thought and enlightened Christianity, BAYARD TAYLOR.

### *RANSOM OF A SLAVE GIRL IN MR. BEECHER'S CHURCH.*

*To the Editor of The New York Times.*

IN your issue of Monday there was a brief account of the purchase, by H. W. Beecher's Church, of the freedom of a little slave girl. Having seen no correct account of this affair, and presuming, farther, that a brief history of the case will interest your readers, I send you the story, as I know it to be true.

Sally Maria Driggs, or "Pink," as she was always called, was the illegitimate child, by an octoroon slave, of a prominent physician of Port Tobacco, Md. "Pink" thus had but one-sixteenth negro blood in her veins, and she appears merely as a dark-complexioned white child, her features being decidedly anti-negro. Her mother and five children were sold separately, and the poor quadroon grandmother's heart was almost broken. This grandmother was free, she having bought herself at a good bargain. Her grief seemed to affect the slave-dealers, and they assured her that her little granddaughter should never be taken from her. Thus this old woman and little "Pink" lived happily together in Washington, the child never surmising that she was a slave. One day two officers and a dealer in slaves entered their house and demanded the child. "Pink," now nine years old, immediately ran to the garret, barricaded the door with old furniture and trunks, and declared she would die rather than come out to be sold. She was at last prevailed upon to deliver herself up to her persecutors, and sold she was. At this juncture a benevolent young gentleman determined to secure the freedom of the child, if possible. He obtained from the dealer a few days' refusal of the child, and then he came North, called on his personal friend Mr. Beecher, enlisted that worthy gentleman's sympathies, and was assured by him that if the child were immediately brought on, he would prevail upon his congregation to make her a New Year's gift of her freedom. The child's champion returned to Washington to close a bargain with the slaveholder, when, to his surprise, the most satisfactory bonds were refused on the simple assertion that the girl should not be sold to Abolitionists for any sum. Thus the case seemed hopeless; but during January the ingenuity of the young gentleman was successful, and he obtained the child on a bond that she or $900 would be returned within fifteen days. On Sunday morning, after a most excellent discourse on the necessity of the predominance of love in the Christian's heart, Mr. Beecher made a simple, unvarnished statement of the facts relative to the case under consideration, and produced the child on the platform. A collection was taken up, and the amount was found to be over a thousand dollars. One card in the plate was "good for $50 and as much more as was needed to make out the necessary sum." A lady had also sent in an assurance that she would not permit the return of the child unless as a free girl. And, thirdly, Mr. Beecher, as he afterwards stated, had resolved to make up any deficiencies from his own pocket. A pretty opal ring, found in the plate, was taken from the general collection and placed, by Mr. Beecher, on the child's finger, ever to be worn as her "freedom ring." "Pink" is to be returned to her grandmother, and steps will be taken to secure her education. The delicacy with which the matter was introduced and carried out could not have offended the most fastidious, and none present at Plymouth Church went away unaffected. P.

### *THE SENATORIAL INQUISITION.*

TESTIMONY OF THE WITNESSES.

SENATOR WILSON BEFORE THE COMMITTEE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.

SENATOR WILSON testified before the Senate Committee on the Harper's Ferry affair, to-day, and it appears from his testimony that the story, so industriously circulated, that he had a knowledge of Brown's designs in Virginia was entirely false. Mr. Wilson testified that the vagabond Englishman Forbes called on him early in May of 1858, and said he had been employed by Brown, but had left his service because Brown did not pay him; that Messrs Howe, Sanborn and others in the East ought to pay him, because his wife and children were starving in Paris. Forbes was greatly excited and incensed against Brown and the men who had contributed to aid Brown to organize a force for defence in Kansas. He said Brown had possession of arms sent out for the defence of Kansas, and they were in Iowa, and that he was unfit to have the care of them, and they ought to be taken from him. Mr. Wilson wrote to Dr. Howe to get the men who had sent out these arms to take them out of Brown's hands, and put them in the care of more trusty men in Kansas; for, if they were used for any unlawful purpose, innocent parties might be involved in trouble. Dr. Howe replied that an order had been sent to Brown to deliver the arms to some other persons, and that Forbes was a disappointed and malignant man. No hint was thrown out that Brown intended to attack Harper's Ferry, and Mr. Wilson inferred from the remark of Forbes that Brown should not have the arms referred to for use in the border troubles of Missouri and Kansas, as he had heard that Brown and some others were, during the troubles of 1856, in favor of driving the Missouri men out of the Territory, and of retaliating by following them into Missouri. Being opposed to such movements, Mr. Wilson had written to Dr. Howe to get the arms out of Brown's hands.

RICHARD REALF.

Richard Realf, the other English Bohemian, who enlisted under Brown's flag originally, but deserted or was turned away like Forbes, before the Virginia affair, also says that so far from Senator Wilson being at all implicated, it was he who put it out of the power of Brown to commit any illegal act up to the time when he (Realf) left him. Realf was discharged by the committee on Wednesday, and immediately started for the North. It is intimated that his letter of surrender to the President was a ruse, to extricate himself from a perilous situation among an exasperated slaveholding community. This is highly probable, as, since he has been at Washington, he has inclined to take a more Northern view of things than he professed in Texas. It is certain that if he had not been in charge of an officer, he would have fared hardly on his way North, as at Hempstead, Texas, he was threatened with tar and feathers, and at Houston the mob talked about hanging him to a tree. If it had not been for the expectation that his testimony would implicate some prominent Northern men, the protection of a United States officer would hardly have brought him safe through the South.

TESTIMONY OF MR. GIDDINGS.

Special Despatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Feb. 3, 1860.

After answering interrogations as to his residence, and the time he had served in Congress, he stated his presumption that a note submitted to him was written at the time indicated by the date. Its object was to answer a letter from John Brown, intimating that he would be in Andover, and could lecture in Jefferson, where Mr. Giddings lived. John Brown came there accordingly on Saturday afternoon, while gentlemen of the village were playing ball. He, Mr. Giddings, was called aside from the play and introduced to Brown, and consulted as to the arrangements for a lecture next day. He was not engaged more than three minutes on this subject, being indisposed to any conference concerning the dollars and cents, but told Brown to come and lecture. Brown did so the following afternoon, in a church where Mr. Giddings worships. After the lecture, Mr. Giddings appealed to the audience, reciting the persecutions to which Brown had been subjected in Kansas, the murder of his son, and the fact that he then was an object of sympathy, having no regular business on which to rely for support. A satisfactory sum was contributed. Brown accepted an invitation to tea, and remained three-quarters of an hour afterward. These were the only occasions when Mr. Giddings had seen him. Brown, in his lecture, spoke of the duty of Christians to aid the slave in regaining the natural rights which God gave him, and of doing unto the slave as we would have him do unto us. From the fact that Brown had carried slaves from Missouri into Canada, and his argument in favor of aid to slaves to gain their liberty, and that he had no established residence or business, Mr. Giddings concluded Brown would aid slaves to escape, if opportunities offered. He had no other authority for this impression than the reasons given, and that was only generally entertained.

Mr. Mason stated that John Brown had said in a letter that Mr. Giddings would endeavor to form societies to raise funds, and asked an explanation.

Mr. Giddings answered that he was unable to say what Brown thought; that John Brown, Jr., called at his house one morning and said his father was in want of money. He was just starting to deliver a lecture in Portage County, and the following day had agreed to be in Ravenna, where one O. P. Brown, who had been a Senator, and was a man of influence, lived; that he understood a society existed there for charitable purposes, such as assisting fugitive slaves to escape; that in his hurry Mr. Giddings mentioned this fact to John Brown, Jr., and said he would ask O. P. Brown to assist his father; that, owing to indisposition, he returned home, without going to Ravenna, and was, therefore, unable to fulfil his promise.

Mr. Mason desired to know if Mr. Giddings's lectures had not a direct reference to the institution of slavery.

Mr. Giddings replied they all referred to the fundamental principles of human governments, to the imprescriptible right of man to the natural law or will of the Creator, as defined by publicists and philosophers in Christendom for the last two centuries. Those teachings assert the rights of every human soul to enjoy life, liberty and happiness.

Mr. Mason inquired if this teaching of the Higher Law was regarded superior to human laws and the Constitution?

Mr. Giddings answered, by the improper use of terms, we often confound our own ideas. He understood the term law to apply only to such enactments as accord with Divine will; that writers say no

eached him, that Brown was present at the Potawatomie homicides; but he had long since heard that Brown and many other people were convinced that the Potawatomie affair was one of imperative necessity, as a measure of self-defence. Having never been in Kansas, he could not speak of personal knowledge. The Committee inquired if Mr. Andrew would have felt a sympathy for Brown on account of his services to the Free State cause, if he had known that Brown went to Kansas to train himself and others and organize a settled plan of violence to invade the slave States. Mr. Andrew replied, certainly not. His convictions were anti-slavery, but he was opposed to their propagation by violence and arms. Reason and intelligence were the only weapons he desired to employ. As a Republican he felt great cause to complain of the Harper's Ferry affair as most unfortunate and unjustifiable, from any point of view in which he could regard it. But, since his opinions were asked, he would give them frankly. Intending no disrespect to anybody, he considered John Brown and Harper's Ferry as the fruit native to the tree which the Slave Power had planted; that in view of the aggressions upon Free State men in the Territories, organized in the slave States, and approved by leading Southern men, and the sufferings and disasters to those settlers which flowed therefrom, he did not think it remarkable that a few men should have been educated thereby up to the point of armed retaliation. However much this transaction was to be condemned or deplored, it was not comparable in point of public danger to the assault made upon a Senator of Massachusetts upon the very floor of the Senate, and for no other reason than an honest discharge of his duty and a fearless expression of his opinions, which was generally applauded throughout the South. That was a direct and deadly blow aimed at civil liberty and representative government in America. Among other facts, Mr. Andrew stated that he had never seen Brown but once, and that accidentally; that while he impressed him as a man of decided character, he then believed his mind was strangely disturbed; and in writing here to Judge Blair to provide counsel for his defence, he had expressed the opinion that evidence of his insanity could be procured from Boston to Kansas, which was afterward literally verified. After answering these and other questions, Mr. Andrew desired to record his protest against this assumption of undelegated power. He contended that the Senate does not possess the power to obtain testimony by coercive inquiry, under the resolution pursuant to which he was summoned, because the resolution contains no parliamentary purpose, but only an apparent effort to aid some judicial end by legislative means; that this investigation is not undertaken as incidental to the power of the Senate to try impeachments, nor its power to judge of the qualifications of its members, nor its power to punish contempts against its own authority, nor its power to protect its own privileges; and that the discovery of all the matters pointed at by the resolution would not tend to instruct the legislative mind, in the amendment of existing statutes, or in the framing of new legislation; that he regarded the power to make inquisition into the question of the guilt or innocence of crime by coercive process as a power always incidental to punishment and that it would be needful only to stretch the Constitution somewhat further in the same direction to enable the Senate to punish as well as to inquire.

### *REPORT ON PERSONAL LIBERTY.*

Mr. Powell, from the Select Committee on the subject of a law to protect personal liberty and to prevent slave hunting in this State, made a written report to the Assembly on Saturday. We give below an abstract of the principal points.

The petitions referred to the Committee are numerously signed. Most of them read as follows:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to put an end to slave-hunting, in New York, by enacting that no person, who has been held as a slave shall be delivered up, by any officer of court, State or Federal, within this State, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

Many of the Petitions also contained the following appeal:

Shall the soil of the Empire State be longer polluted by the track of the slave hunter?

Shall we ourselves be subject to his call to chase and catch his human prey?

Shall we be subjected to fines and imprisonments for refusing thus to degrade and unmanize ourselves?

Must our doors and hearts be closed to the panting, starving stranger, who seeks shelter and protection from the remorseless kidnapper that would drag him back to the woes of the plantation from which he escaped?

Must we help to send him back to the land of chains and tortures, from which he fled through troops of bloodhounds scenting out his track; through forests where wild beasts prowl in the darkness; through rivers and dismal swamps; with no eye to pity him, save God's, shining through the North Star, guiding His despairing child to the nearest asylum, where the wicked cease from troubling?

Serious, solemn, momentous are all these inquiries! What shall our answer be? First, we shall ask the Legislature to pass a law that shall forever protect our State from the degrading presence of the slave-hunter. By the Fugitive slave bill of 1850, we are now forbidden to shelter or assist the forlornest stranger who ever appealed for sympathy and aid. Fines and imprisonments impend over us for exercising one of the holiest charities of our religion. The law of God is defied. Vice, the foulest, the blackest, is exalted to virtue; while virtue, humanity and holiness, are legislated into crimes, and Heaven's own conditions of salvation are impiously reversed.

We rejoice to believe that our Legislature, by passing a Personal Liberty bill, can remedy these fearful wrongs.

The Committee recommend the enactment of a law in accordance with the prayer of the petitioners, for the following reasons, among others:

Because God has explicitly forbidden the rendition of fugitive slaves to their masters. He has said, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him." Deut. xxiii, 15, 16.

Because protection is the first duty of civil government; and the State that does not protect all the rights of all human beings within its jurisdiction forfeits its claim to the allegiance of human beings, disbands society and compels its citizens to protect themselves, each with his own arms, as best he can. And a government that cannot protect personal liberty can protect none of the minor rights that grow out of it.

Because, so far from being true that the enactment of an effective Personal Liberty law by the State of New York would injure, disaffect, and alienate "*our brethren of the South*," the reverse of this would be true. Of the ten millions of "our brethren of the South," about four millions are slaves or free persons of color, who would hail with delight such a statute. Of the remaining six millions, who are free whites, only about one-fourth of a million are slaveholders, or could have any interest in the reclaiming of fugitive slaves; while the five and three-fourth millions of non-slaveholding whites could have no desire for their being sent back among them, to compete with and degrade their free labor. So that only one-fourth of a million among ten millions, or a proportion of 25 to 1 000, or 2 1-2 per cent, of all "our brethren of the South" could have the least objection to the most stringent Personal Liberty bill that could be enacted by the Legislature of New York. The union and fraternity *that are yet to be* between the citizens of the North and of the South would be greatly promoted and accelerated by such an enactment.

The Committee further maintain that

The clause of the Constitution respecting "persons held to service and labor" furnishes not the shadow of a pretext for the Fugitive Slave bill of 1850, as expounded and enforced by the Federal Commissioners, in respect to fugitive slaves. The Constitution speaks of "*persons*." But, according to the code of Slavery, slaves are *not* persons, but things, chattels. It speaks of persons held to "*service and labor*." But slaves are not, by the slave code, "held to service"—they are only held as chattels. The Constitution speaks of "persons held to service or labor in one State, under *the laws thereof*." But there are no State laws holding slaves to "service." By the testimony of John C Calhoun, Senator Mason, Judge Matthews, Judge Porter, and other prominent statesmen and civilians of the South, holding slaves, there are, in the slave States, no laws establishing or creating the relation of slavery. The Constitution speaks of persons from whom service or labor is "*due*." But nothing, by the code of slavery, can be "due" from a slave, for he "can make no contract" and incur no debt. The slave is held as *property*, and nothing can be "*due*" from property to *its owner*. The letter of the Constitutional provision, therefore, does not warrant its application to slaves. Neither does its spirit. There is documentary evidence to the contrary. It is on record that the Convention *refused* to adopt a proposed clause providing for the rendition of fugitive *slaves*, but afterward adopted, without debate, the existing clause respecting "*persons*" (that is, apprentices, and others) from whom labor was honestly "due."

There is, therefore, no Constitutional obstacle to the enactment of a law by the people and State of New York for "*securing* the blessings of liberty" to all their inhabitants.

The Committee give, in an appendix, the substance of the different Personal Liberty laws in the Free States, as follows:

In 1850 Vermont led the way, immediately after the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, adopting a stringent Personal Liberty law, which has since been made still more effective.

In 1855 the Legislature of Massachusetts passed one yet more stringent, which was vetoed by Gov. Gardner, May 21, 1855 and immediately passed over his head by 32 to 3 in the Senate, and 230 to 76 in the House, and it is *still the law*.

Michigan has adopted a similar law.

Wisconsin adopted a yet more stringent law afterward, declaring all liens or executions upon judgments obtained under the Fugitive Slave law absolutely void; and this law *has been enforced*.

All these laws secure trial by jury to every fugitive slave.

Maine has forbidden all State officers from assisting in capturing or holding fugitives from labor, and has denied the use of her jails.

These laws will be found in Laws of Massachusetts, 1856, p. 924; Laws of Michigan, 1855, p. 413; Revised Statutes of Wisconsin, ch. 158, p. 912; Revised Statutes of Maine, 489, 491; Laws of Vermont, 1850.

In this State the Liberty bill received 84 votes last winter, against 22 in the Assembly, and failed in the Senate, the Committee thinks, only from want of *time*—not of votes.

The action of this State in favor of freedom is traced down from John Jay's administration through those of Tompkins and Seward to the present time. The record is honorable to the State, and the Committee believe it only wants the enactment of an effective Personal Liberty law to make New York in fact as in name a Free State. No worthier monument, they say, could be erected to the honor of Jay, Tompkins, Seward and other champions of Liberty than such a statute.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860.


CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

### NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 21 is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

### *THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.*

The atrocious character of slavery, obvious enough in its theory, in advance of any examination of fact, is now further established by abundant and indisputable evidence, so that whoever is intelligent enough to read a newspaper, even a Southern one, may see it. But, such is the conflict of testimony in regard to who are the effective upholders of slavery that we cannot wonder at the continued uncertainty of some, and the directly erroneous conclusions of others, upon this important point.

For instance: the Abolitionists have been accustomed to say (and to prove, to those who will take the trouble to read their demonstration) that the Church, North as well as South, is the main bulwark of slavery. The South, on the contrary, stigmatizes the Northern Church as anti-slavery. What is the meaning of this discrepancy?

The meaning is that the great majority of the Churches and clergy of the North, anxious mainly to preserve peace and quietness in their own domain, and to avoid both action and discussion upon subjects which would array their members in mutual opposition, fail to take either the ground demanded by the Abolitionists, of direct and thorough opposition to slavery, or that now demanded by the slaveholders, of direct defence of slaveholding.

Formerly, the silence of the clergy and the Churches in regard to slavery was precisely the position most satisfactory to the Southern people. Feeling confident in their own ability to keep the slaves in bondage without external aid, and knowing that talk or action of any kind in regard to slavery would tend to expose its disgraceful character, and hasten its downfall, their only wish was that the subject should be met with tacit acquiescence by every department of Northern society. If the trade and literature, the religion and government of the North had gone on without the slightest mention of slavery, quietly agreeing to it as to any other fact of Southern life, this would have been the state of things most satisfactory to the slaveholders. And this was granted them by the great majority of the Northern Churches and clergy, who continued this course of policy by discountenancing all debate and action in regard to slavery, when these were forced upon the community by the Abolitionists.

But now that the state of things is so far changed by the persistency of these Abolitionists that the community is compelled to give its attention to this subject, now that the policy of silence has been thoroughly defeated, now that Congress and the State Legislatures, the President and the Governors of the several States, the various departments of business, and every grade of the periodical press, from its highest representatives down to the *Herald* and the *Observer*, are forced into active discussion of this "Institution," silence on the part of the Church and the clergy no longer suits the purposes of the slaveholders. They demand active aid on the part of those whom they have always called (and who have called them) Christian brethren. They demand a defence of slavery. But, the Northern community, even the church-members, have, during this interval, made such advances in religion and morality, they have learned so much from the "higher law" doctrines of the Abolitionists, that the clergy (in most places) could not now commit themselves to an active defence of slavery without losing their credit and their parishes. They therefore continue, per force, their old policy of silence, and for this their unreasonable and ungrateful Southern friends now brand them as Abolitionists. Yes, despotisms, as well as republics, are ungrateful; and we have now the extraordinary spectacle of the repudiation of the *Observer*, the *Herald*, *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*, as "abolition documents," by Southern writers.

There are a few, we fear a very few, though an increasing number of Abolitionists among the Northern clergy. The great majority of them occupy one of these two positions: Either a tacit acquiescence in slavery, keeping silence as far as the public conflict of opinions will allow, and speaking in pious and evasive generalities when they are forced to speak, like the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Tract Society and the Southern Aid Society; or a position analogous to that of the Republicans in politics, objecting to the extension, or to the abuses, or to some of the details of slavery, fraternally discussing, on one side the evils, and on the other the duties, that grow out of it, but avoiding to brand the act of slaveholding as sinful, and abstaining from rebuke of the complicity of the Church with that sin. This last is the position of the Tract Society of Boston.

We have spoken of the Southern Aid Society as a representative of the former of these two classes. Its members are the advanced guard of the slaveholders in the North, consisting of men who would themselves be slaveholders if circumstances permitted, and whose wish is that, in the Church, no more question should be raised whether a man is a slaveholder than whether he is a farmer or a mechanic.

The Sixth Annual Report of this Society has just been published, and by the diligence of its Secretary (Rev. Luther Farnham) an abstract of its proceedings, mixed with commendations of its action and purpose, has found its way into most of the religious and secular papers. The Boston *Courier*, which devotes a leading article to eulogy and endorsement of the Society, represents its existence to have been caused by the gradual diminution of the aid afforded to slaveholding Churches by the American Home Missionary Society. It says of the latter—

"For several years past it has abandoned the South; and now, of their about 1,000 missionaries, they report but three in the Southern States."

The *abandonment* of the South, here spoken of, is a poetical expression of the fact that the Home Missionary Society discovered, some years ago, that the grosser and more openly atrocious administration of the power given by the slave laws was quite too bad to be recognized as Christian. For instance, it was determined to stop giving aid to such Churches as that of Parson Brownlow in Tennessee, who published not only his hearty approbation of the burning alive of a slave, but his wish that they had torn him with red-hot pincers before burning him—and such Churches as that to which Deacon Netherland, of Tennessee, belongs, who killed his slave with a handsaw, without the slightest loss of credit or good standing in the Church. With every disposition to deal tenderly with its "Southern brethren," the American Home Missionary Society could not stand such things as these. So, in 1857, it adopted a rule that, on application for aid by a slaveholding Church, the *character* of its slaveholding be inquired into, and some evidence obtained whether its members made and used the claim of property in men and women in a moderate and justifiable manner, or in a manner immoderate and unjustifiable. It has never refused aid to slaveholding Churches; it has never refused to acknowledge slaveholders as Christians. But when the members of a Southern Church are accustomed, without the slightest censure on its part, to commit outrages upon black men and women which, in the North, would send them to the State's Prison or the gallows, the Home Missionary Society puts its foot down and says—*We cannot recognize your body as a Christian Church.* This is the way it has *abandoned* the South. The Southern Aid Society make no objection to the recognition of Parson Brownlow and Deacon Netherland as Christians; and so the Boston *Courier* vouches for them as a "truly excellent Society"; and they have Gerard Hallock, Esq. (of the *Journal of Commerce*), for their Treasurer, and, in Boston, Rev. Luther Farnham for their Secretary, Rev. George W. Blagden (of the Old South Church) among their Vice-Presidents, and Rev. Baron Stow (of the "respectable white" Rowe Street Baptist Church) among their Executive Committee.

It is instructive to notice the operation of the claim made by the Home Missionary Society, of a right and a purpose to inquire into the character of the slaveholding practised by a Church applying for its aid. That Society does not assume, with the Abolitionists, either that slaveholding itself is a sin, or that shameful abuse of the irresponsible power given by the slave laws to the slaveholder is a matter of course, to be expected on every plantation and in every family. It determines to err, if at all, on the side of candor, and to look patiently at the evidence in every case. What is the result of this candor? The number of its missionaries in Southern States has been steadily diminishing for several years past; showing conclusively one of two things, either that examination proves the slaveholding of those Southern Churches which apply for aid to be of an atrocious and utterly unjustifiable character, or that the Southern Churches, conscious that examination must prove this, no longer venture to apply. And now this exclusion of the worse cases of slaveholding from recognition as Christian by the Home Missionary Society is called by the organs of the Slave Power an "abandonment of the South"! What a confession! What an exposure of the falseness of the claim made by Governor Wise and by South-side Adams, that the slaveholders are kind and indulgent, that the slaves are contented and happy!

But the most powerful agency in holding up the mask of piety before the abominations of slaveholding has been the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. As deeply involved in guilt, in hypocrisy and falsehood, as the Tract Society, it has yet had the art to retain among its members and advocates men who felt obliged to protest against the latter, oppose its administration and counteract its policy. *The Independent* of this city and *The Congregationalist* of Boston (whose advance from the first position above described to the second has caused many persons erroneously to regard them as anti slavery in principle) have always given their full approbation, influence and support to the Board; and we noticed last week the active exertions of Henry Ward Beecher in keeping back his Church from a practical rebuke of the pro slavery position of that body. How immense, and how pernicious, must be the influence of a body which—by continuing, with immovable gravity, to repeat its pretences of zeal for "the Gospel," and its representations that the exclusion of popular sin from its own Churches would be a turning aside from the work of "preaching the Gospel"—is able to carry with it men so familiar with the vicious character of slavery as the leaders we have mentioned, and with them their subscribers and parishioners!

We have never been able to recognize Mr. Beecher as an Abolitionist. His zeal against the extension of slavery never advanced to a demand for its banishment from the Church, still less for its extirpation from the country. His Sharp's rifles were adjusted for the peculiar position of Kansas, not at all for that of Kentucky or Virginia. His coruscations of impulsive eloquence flashed, from time to time, against the outworks of slavery, as against those of orthodox theology. But those who attempt to hold him to a position logically consistent with these flights of rhetoric fail as thoroughly in the former case as in the latter. He is a popular preacher! A *popular* preacher, in an age when enormous vice also is popular, of a doctrine which (he would fain have it believed) is the same which brought Jesus and his apostles to the scourge and the cross! The shepherd of a large flock, he leads them in the broad road of acquiescence and conformity; and hearing, during a temporary absence, that some of them are disposed to enter the straight gate and the narrow way, he breaks an engagement for the purpose of hurrying back to restrain them, and succeeds in the attempt. It seems to us that a man of merely common intelligence and ability would hardly have the opportunity, even in a slaveholder's life, to stain his soul with so much guilt as Mr Beecher has accumulated upon his "Reverend" head in this one act of standing before the American Church and State as the champion of the American Board.

### *LETTER FROM STEPHEN S. FOSTER.*

WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 26, 1860.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

In reply to a note which I sent you, some time since, you intimated that I was mistaken in supposing myself "virtually excluded" from the advocacy of my views in the columns of THE STANDARD, *if I had reference to "any word or act" of yours*; and in support of this intimation, you remarked that I had "never sent you a line that was not promptly printed."

It is true, as you affirm, that I had never sent you a line that was not promptly printed; but this is far from proving your columns open to the advocacy of my views. For it is also true that, although I had sent you *less than three and a half columns of matter* in ten years, you had represented me as a great bore—had complained of my occupying so much of your "precious space," and had apologized to your readers for the insertion of my last article—trivial and worthless, as you considered it—on the ground of my "evident sincerity" and of my "long and faithful service of the cause."

And even in your reply to my note, you commend my "magnanimity," if, as you infer, I have consented to refrain from the advocacy of my own opinions upon some of the vital elements of our cause, and even from their defence against misrepresentation in your paper, out of "regard to the feelings of my associates."

It is but justice to myself to say that it was not from any magnanimous regard to the feelings of others, but from a sense of what was due to my own self-respect, that I have consented to remain thus silent. You well know it is not necessary to lock your doors against a well-bred friend. Let him but understand that his company is not agreeable, and he will cease to intrude. I recognize you as having a rightful control of the columns of THE STANDARD. To your judgment I bow with deference, and cheerfully acquiesce in my own exclusion. I hope never to ask, or accept, admission there on the ground of my "evident sincerity," or of past or present "services to the cause."

But it pains me to learn that any of my associates are even *willing* to monopolize with their own peculiar views the columns of a paper sustained by our mutual contributions. I am sadder still to know that they have lost their faith in the safety and economy of free discussion. For myself, I regard a free press, and a free platform, as the very life of our enterprise. It is this, chiefly, which has distinguished us from all other anti-slavery associations, and has given us our peculiar power. Wherever there is difference of opinion, discussion, not authority, seems to me the appropriate remedy. I have little faith in authority, whether it be the dictum of a Church or of an Anti-Slavery Society. Hence, I can support neither press nor pulpit which is not free—free alike to all classes, and to every shade of opinion. Where freedom of speech is tolerated, I can work with any body of men, however wide the differences between us. All I ask for my own peculiar views is an open field and fair play. With this I am content to have them take their chance. If they cannot stand the winnowing of a free platform, they deserve to be blown away.

During the many years of my connection with the American Anti-Slavery Society, I have often differed from the majority on important points of policy; but as the Society has left open to me every avenue to the public mind, for the free advocacy of my own views, I have never before felt any serious difficulty with my position. Personally it has been extremely agreeable. But if, as is intimated, the free expression of opinion is no longer to be welcomed upon its platform—if the advocates of one class of views are to have free utterance, while those of another are to be commended for their silence—if whole *pages* of THE STANDARD are to be given up to the advocacy of the Republican party, while a few *columns* are grudged to those who desire to expose the faithlessness of that party, and of its clerical advocates and defenders, I, for one, shall feel myself compelled to comply with the request of your esteemed foreign correspondent, Mrs. Martineau, to retire from further coöperation with the Society. I earnestly desire union and coöperation among all true friends of the slave. But it must not be forgotten that, in an intelligent community, union and intolerance can never go hand in hand. If we would stand united, instead of deprecating discussion, we should hail it as the only possible remedy for our present distracted condition—the only sure pledge of ultimate success.

We have all hitherto been unsparing in our reproach of the Churches for their intolerance and fear of discussion. Upon that characteristic, more than upon any other, have we predicated their conscious guilt. Shall we so soon begin to follow in their footsteps? It is a dark hour for Freedom when her noblest champions begin to sigh for the quiet of an enforced creed. S. S. FOSTER.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

After a careful and, we think, a candid review of the matters referred to in Mr. Foster's letter, we cannot see that we have given him any just cause of offence or complaint. We must therefore plead not guilty to his indictment and ask the reader's attention to our defence.

1. The note to which Mr. Foster refers in the first sentence of the above communication was published on the 27th of August last—more than five months ago. In all fairness we think the reply to what we said on that occasion should have been made long ago or not at all.

2. When Mr. Foster says that we represented him "as a great bore," he offers a fresh example of the exaggeration which, in our judgment, often mars his public utterances and diminishes his power to serve the cause to which he has been so long devoted. The only foundation for this charge, and also for the assumption that we have "virtually excluded" him from the advocacy of his views in THE STANDARD, is, it seems, in the following paragraph, which formed a part of our reply to a letter from him published March 5th, 1859—nearly a year ago:

"Truly, the beginning of controversy is as the letting out of waters! And in this instance the extent of the inundation would seem to be in an inverse ratio to the importance of the question at issue, viz., the self-consistency, or, on a single point, of Henry Ward Beecher! We wrote thirty lines of commentary upon Mr. Beecher's defence of himself for lecturing at the request of the young men connected with Theodore Parker's congregation. Mr. Foster expended more than a column of logic to convince us that the 'tone and terms' of that notice were objectionable—that, in other words, we had commended Mr. Beecher at the very point where we ought to have sharply rebuked him. We replied in less than half the space occupied by his criticism, and lo! here he comes down upon us in a still longer argument, intended to demonstrate that Mr. Beecher, in the principles avowed in his defence of himself for taking part in the 'Fraternity' lectures, *condemned himself* as 'criminally inconsistent,' a man devoid of principle and unworthy of confidence and respect,' for refusing to stand on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We fear that not a few of our readers will be disposed to question the soundness of our judgment in that we suffer so much of our precious space to be occupied by such a discussion; but it has seemed best to us, in view of Mr. Foster's long and faithful service of the cause, and of his own evidently sincere conviction of the pertinence of his criticism, to give him this further hearing."

Certainly this paragraph was not *intended* to be disrespectful to Mr. Foster, or to convey an impression that THE STANDARD was closed against his general views in respect to anti-slavery principles and measures. It had no relation whatever to anything beyond the particular matter then in controversy. As he had given us no reason to suppose that he intended or even wished to enter upon any general discussion, our remarks cannot rightfully be construed as bearing upon any such point.

3. The paragraph complained of certainly did express our conviction that the length of the particular communications therein referred to was out of proportion to the importance of the subject to which they were devoted. If the expression of this opinion, honestly entertained by us, was a violation of the laws of courtesy and an invasion of Mr. Foster's rights, it would seem to follow that *our* freedom of discussion is hedged about by limitations that do not apply to our correspondents. *They*, it seems, may question the wisdom, if not the fidelity, of our editorial course, and even rebuke us sharply for what they regard as short-comings on our part; but *we* are not even at liberty to express the opinion that they over-estimate the importance of the subjects on which they write!

4. If we had set up our judgment as infallible, and denied Mr. Foster a hearing, there might have been some ground for charging us with discourtesy and intolerance; but we cannot see that a respectful acknowledgment of his long and faithful services in the cause, and *a waiver, on that account, of our judgment* as to the importance of the question at issue, affords any reasonable ground for offence, still less for the broad conclusion that our columns are no longer free to those who differ from the Society of which it is the organ. Most people, we think, would regard it as an evidence of liberality rather than proscription, of courtesy rather than rudeness, on the part of an editor, to admit communications, the importance of which was not clear to his own mind, in avowed deference to the feelings and convictions of the writer, and with a grateful acknowledgment of his claim to be heard on account of long and faithful services in the cause to which the paper is devoted. Can Mr. Foster write for THE STANDARD only upon condition that we shall agree with him as to the importance of the subjects he may choose to discuss, or, differing from him on that point, shall forbear to express our opinion? He does not hamper himself by any such restraints—why should he seek to place them upon us?

5. "It is not necessary," says Mr. Foster, "to lock your doors against a well-bred friend. Let him but understand that his company is not agreeable, and he will cease to intrude." The analogy here, it strikes us, is not perfect; but we accept the comparison, and ask, When a man enters your house for the avowed purpose of criticizing and rebuking you and your family, is it manly in him to complain, if, while *giving him a fair hearing*, you frankly tell him that the subject to which he calls your attention is of far less importance in your eyes than in his—that you regret, in fact, that he should feel it to be necessary to occupy your precious time in discussing it? And does it follow from this plainness that you mean to exclude him thereafter from your premises? We think not.

6. We cannot perceive that Mr. Foster's neglect for ten years to avail himself of his right of free discussion in THE STANDARD had any relation whatever to the merits of the particular communications to which he alludes, or made them either more or less worthy of a place in our columns.

7. When Mr. Foster, in his note published in August last, said he was "virtually excluded from the advocacy and defence of [his] anti-slavery theories" in our columns, we were at an utter loss to divine his meaning, and we said:

"These words, ['virtually excluded'] are not free from obscurity; but, as he never sent us a line that was not promptly printed, we cannot suppose they involve an allusion to any word or act of ours. Perhaps he means only that he is restrained, by a magnanimous deference to the feelings and the judgment of a large number, if not the majority, of his associates, from transferring to our columns a controversy which, upon the platform, they have thought alike disagreeable and unprofitable. We should be one more ready to adopt this interpretation, if we were sure it was the right one, because we think it would be creditable to Mr. Foster's good sense."

Mr. Foster, never having intimated a *wish* to expound his "anti-slavery theories" in our columns, had never been "excluded" by us, and therefore we were driven to the supposition that he was *self*-excluded for some such reason as that above mentioned. The "controversy" to which we alluded as having proved "disagreeable and unprofitable" on the platform was that so long waged about Mr. Foster's scheme for the organization of an anti-slavery political party—a scheme which had not the remotest connection in our mind with his criticism, five months before, of our remarks upon Mr. Beecher's participation in the Fraternity lectures. We supposed that, having urged that scheme upon the attention of his associates year after year, without making even so much as one convert, and having constantly complained that his views were either misunderstood or misrepresented, he refrained from occupying our columns with a subject that had proved so thriftless on the platform; and we frankly said that, if such was the case, we thought his forbearance creditable to his good sense. And now, after the lapse of more than five months, he informs us that this conjecture was erroneous, and that he has consented to remain silent from a sense of what was due to his own self-respect in view of what we said nearly a year ago. Why this long delay in seeking redress for such a grievance?

8. Mr. Foster's jeremiade over THE STANDARD as grudging the use of its columns to "those who desire to expose the faithlessness of the Republican party and of its clerical defenders," as having "lost faith in the safety and economy of free discussion," and as "following in the footsteps" of the American Church and "sighing for the quiet of an enforced creed," only illustrates the facility with which he can build up a large superstructure of inference upon an imaginary foundation. He must excuse us if we tell him plainly that it is not only gratuitous, but ridiculous—destitute of even the shadow of a foundation. Who has ever been denied an opportunity to expose in our columns "the faithlessness of the Republican party and of its clerical advocates and defenders"? We answer distinctly, *Neither Mr. Foster nor anybody else.* That "exposure" constitutes no small portion of our own editorial work, as our files will show, and we are too glad of help in this direction to be willing to deny any competent writer a hearing. Mr. Foster talks of "whole pages of THE STANDARD" being "given up to the advocacy of the Republican party, while a few columns are grudged" to the other side. We affirm that this language is defamatory, and we appeal to the record. We are in the constant habit of criticizing the Republican party and exposing its sins of omission and of commission. When have we ever "advocated" that party as worthy of the confidence of Abolitionists? Occasionally we have published replies to our criticisms from the pens of Republicans; but we take it Mr. Foster does not mean to say that *this* is an infraction of the principle of free discussion. We sometimes publish a Republican speech or article, either on account of its intrinsic excellence or to keep our readers informed in respect to the principles and policy of that party. Does Mr. Foster think that *this* is wrong? So far from having "lost faith in the safety and economy of free discussion," we have proved our faith again and again, by admitting, without a word of comment, articles which seemed to us to be deficient in argument and vituperative in spirit. We have done this because we were unwilling even to *seem* to be proscriptive toward any phase of opinion in our ranks. We have often given to correspondents space that, in *our* judgment, might have been more usefully filled, and we expect to do it again, many times, in deference to the opinions and even the prejudices of faithful servants of the cause. This paper being the organ of a Society whose members cannot be expected to agree upon all matters either of principle or policy, it is our pleasure no less than our duty to conduct it in a spirit not only of justice and fairness, but of generosity, toward every class of honest workers in the cause. We cannot honestly say that we think it would be useful to devote much space to the discussion of the scheme for an anti-slavery political party, which Mr. Foster has so perseveringly advocated these many years, or of his new opinion that the U. S. Constitution is anti-slavery; but, respecting him for his life-long devotion to the cause, and recognizing his claims to a hearing as one of its prominent champions, we shall not make our opinions the measure of his liberty in the use of our columns, though we shall claim and exercise the right to *express* those opinions without fear or favor. Is not this fair?

### *PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS*

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

The Committee on Federal Relations of the Legislature of Massachusetts gave a second hearing, on Tuesday morning last (14th inst.), to the Petitioners for a Law to Prohibit the delivery of any person into Slavery from the State of Massachusetts, and, in fact, the Recognition of Slavery in any shape upon her soil. The hearing was held in the spacious Hall of Representatives, which was filled by a most attentive and sympathizing audience. The Chairman of the Committee, at the commencement, stated that one hundred and three petitions on this subject had been sent to the Legislature, from ninety different towns, containing the names of 13,445 persons. Had each of these ninety towns been canvassed as thoroughly as Georgetown, Danvers, Manchester, Cummington, Fitchburg, Abington, Montague and a few others were canvassed, at least one hundred thousand names would have come up to this Legislature; and no reason is known, or can be alleged by any party, why *every town in the Commonwealth* should not, if fairly having the opportunity, speak out as plainly and strongly as the towns I have named. The heart and conscience of Massachusetts are right on this question; would that these were not so often subordinated to party and to the love of gain, here and throughout the country.

Rev. John Pierpont, of Medford, first addressed the Committee. He spoke at considerable length, and made an able and elequent argument, first, to show the Duty of the Legislature to give us the protection and safeguard of such a law, and, secondly, to shew that the Constitutional provision, usually understood as relating to fugitive slaves, is wholly null and void, being without any moral or legal force or obligation whatsoever. He demonstrated, with much effect, the immoral and atheistic character of all laws upholding or protecting slavery. In conclusion he referred to a recent case of the first and second mate of an American vessel, arrested in Liverpool for having beaten to death six sailors, colored men. And why should they not treat them so? asked Mr. Pierpont. Has not the highest tribunal of the land, speaking by the mouth of its chief officer, who is a disgrace and dishonor to his place and the country, declared that "the colored man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect"? And are not such cases as this at Liverpool one of the innumerable fruits which we must expect to come from such a decision of our highest Court? Mr. Pierpont was warmly applauded.

Samuel E. Sewall, Esq., of Boston, next addressed the Committee. He laid before the Committee the draft of such a law as he believed it to be the duty of the Legislature to enact. It is of a very stringent character, declaring the freedom of every person within the jurisdiction of the State, and that fugitives from slavery shall form no exception, but shall be entitled to the protection of our laws equally with every other, and affixing a heavy penalty to the attempt to take any person out of the State into slavery. Mr. Sewall presented a legal argument to prove that the provision of the Constitution in question does not relate to slaves. He concluded with a very forcible and impressive argument, based on the crime and wrong of slavery, and affirmed that it should be AN ABSOLUTE IMPOSSIBILITY, in Massachusetts, to commit so great a crime as the delivery of any human being into slavery.

Mr. Sewall referred to the argument, if such it can be called, that the present is not a suitable time to enact such a law as the petitioners ask for, inasmuch as it will embarrass and render more difficult a Republican success in the approaching Presidential election. He dissented entirely from any such opinion, believed that nothing would be more helpful to the Republican party in the approaching election than the enactment of such a law here and in other Northern States, and hoped that Massachusetts would strengthen the Republican cause, in this and other States, by passing such a law at the present session. The Republican cause has risen into existence, has grown and thrived, just in proportion as its leaders have been bold and outspoken in relation to freedom, and the personal and civil rights of the people; and their only danger arises from a lack of confidence in their principles and in the people of the land.

Francis W. Bird, Esq., of Walpole, next spoke. He called the Committee's attention to the Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, passed at the very last session, in regard to *fugitives from justice*; he showed that, by that law, the Act of Congress on that subject is virtually nullified by Massachusetts; and he asked that Massachusetts should at least do as much for *fugitives from slavery*, men and women flying from oppression, seeking freedom, and guilty of no crime, as she had done for men charged with violating the laws of the land.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison expressed the great satisfaction he had felt in the able and elequent arguments of the gentlemen who had preceded him. He could not, however, agree with the argument of his friend, Mr. Pierpont, as to the anti-slavery character of the Constitution. Surely, Mr. Pierpont had all the morality of the case on his side, but unfortunately the history of the Constitution and of the government are against him; and these facts we must look in the face, or we cannot hope to go forward. He referred to the universal understanding, at the time, of the clause for the delivery of fugitives, of the clause providing for representation of slave property, of the clause legalizing the African slave trade for twenty years; and he quoted Mr. Madison, Alexander Hamilton, John Quincy Adams, and other authorities of the highest character, in support of his position. He showed how corrupt and base a bargain had been made, on the part of the North, in the adoption of the Constitution. He showed how, for seventy years, the oppressed slaves of the South had been vainly striving to find an open door to freedom; until now an insurrection of conscience and feeling has arisen to such a height as to demand the defiance and nullification of every provision and enactment in behalf of slavery.

The previous hearing before this Committee, a week ago, was also a very effective and interesting occasion. The Committee were at that time addressed by Rev. Charles Beecher of Georgetown, Rev. J. Sella Martin of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Murdock of the Bowdoin Square Baptist Church, Boston.

The friends of the desired law are greatly encouraged by these hearings. We look for a stringent law from our Legislature in behalf of freedom. Whoever throws himself, as an obstruction, in the way of such a law, "*shall be ground into powder.*" God speed the Right.

### *ENGLISH PUBLIC OPINION.*

After a review of the President's Message, and the whole political situation in the United States, the contest for the Speakership, the *lettres de cachet* on account of the Harper's Ferry affair, the lynchings in the Southern States, &c., the London *Daily News* says:

"It will at once be asked, 'Why do not the Northern men, with their vast majority, settle the matter at once? Why can they not constitutionally rearrange the terms of the Union, cast out slavery from the Federal Constitution, and leave the several States to keep or reject it, as they think proper; but permitting none to secede for such a reason as finding themselves outvoted?' The North might do this, it is true; but in this case, as in all of vital conflict, there are complications. If the Northern men had been equal to their duty, and worthy of their power, the question would have been settled long ago. There are always some who perplex counsel and impede action by misconduct at a critical time. It is enough now to point to two recent incidents which illustrate the case. While Mr. Seward is received for the most part with salvoes of cannon, with music, flags, deputations, processions, and every form of welcome and every expression of confidence, many of his former supporters now draw back in alarm, and ask for a candidate who is as yet unpledged on the slavery question. Again, the Governor of Massachusetts, the very Mr. Banks who was made Speaker at

## Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9th, 1860.

In the chain of events described in my last as having led to the outbreak of Fair week, there was a link omitted. I allude to the great meeting held at National Hall on the 2d of December. This was an imposing demonstration. The immense hall in which it took place was filled to overflowing, and the deepest interest was manifested in its proceedings. James Mott, whose "hoary head is a crown of glory," presided with his wonted dignity, and Dr. Furness, Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Theodore Tilton and Mary Grew spoke with their accustomed boldness and power. An attempt was made by Southern students and others to break up the meeting by a row, but it was unsuccessful; which fact, together with that of the enthusiasm with which the sentiments of the speakers was received, so irritated the pro-slavery party as to precipitate the *denouement* of Fair week.

I refer to this meeting not, of course, to describe it, for that has been fully done in your paper of the 10th ult., but to supply the link which was needed to complete the narrative.

It appears that one of the heroes of the suppressed émeute at National Hall, not content with the figure he cut on that occasion, is bent on still further distinguishing himself. He has rushed into print, and "written himself down an"—unwise man. He could not have chosen a better place than the one he selected in which to make his record. *The Tribune*, of all others, was the paper to do him the fullest justice. The correspondence between him and Mr. Dana is the raciest bit of reading of the kind we have had for a long time. You have published part, why not give us the whole of it in THE STANDARD? A little light reading of this kind makes a refreshing variety in your usually staid and solid columns. It is as good as a play—and better. For Sheridan's "Bob," of whom one is naturally reminded, was a fictitious hero, but Mr. Dana's is a real one. His friends here, "in the community in which he lives," enjoy him, as thus reproduced, to a high degree.

The other gentlemen who distinguished themselves in the Union-saving effort at the National Hall have not imitated their confrere, Mr. Randall, in his attempt to retrieve the losses of that occasion. They seem disposed to court the shades of oblivion. In this at least they show their wisdom; it would be gratuitous to disturb them.

Our city has returned to its wonted quiet, and things move on as prosperously as ever. The Union meeting has done but little harm, and the exodus of medical students none whatever. The former is a matter of some mortification to respectable Philadelphians, especially when they recollect the vitriol and paving-stones, but the latter—so far as my observation extends—occasions among decent people no regret at all.

The State Legislature convened last Wednesday, and Governor Packer sent in his Message. This, in style and general spirit, is a creditable document, and gives a very satisfactory account of the affairs of the Commonwealth. The State debt is steadily decreasing, our bonds are among the most desirable securities of the country, and education among the people is rapidly on the advance. Gov. Packer does himself credit and the State a service by the importance he attaches to our Common School system and the pains he takes to foster and elevate its character. He is happy in having such a man in his cabinet as Attorney-General Knox to second his efforts.

But, while the Message, in its general tone, is satisfactory to most Pennsylvanians, there was one part of it impossible to be read by right-thinking citizens without shame and confusion of face. I allude to the ill-judged felicitations of the Governor at the manner in which the State, through him, has performed what he styles her "confederate duty." The Message says, alluding to the affair at Harper's Ferry:

"To us, as Pennsylvanians, it is gratifying to believe that the citizens of this Commonwealth have not, in any manner, participated in this unlawful proceeding, and to know that when some of the guilty perpetrators were arrested, within our jurisdiction, they were promptly surrendered to the justice of the offended and injured State."

How does Gov. Packer know that Hazlitt is one of the "guilty perpetrators"? He has not been tried, neither has he been indicted. Both he and Cooke were surrendered on the demand of Governor Wise, without waiting for the forms usually deemed necessary in such cases for the administration of justice. They were surrendered to an arrogant and indecorously expressed demand, and with a haste unbecoming the dignity of a powerful State like Pennsylvania. It may seem expedient to Gov. Packer and his constitutional adviser to put on record and blazon abroad these reiterations of Pennsylvania's loyalty to the South, but the sequel may prove that these hasty performances have been works of supererogation, and the subsequent boasts of them as ill-advised in policy as unbecoming in taste.

Gov. Packer says:

"It is a source of satisfaction to know that the slave population of Virginia were contented with their condition."

Now, admitting that it is becoming in a Democratic Governor of a free State to feel and officially express satisfaction at the contentment of slaves with their lot, how does Mr. Packer "know" so confidently that the slaves of Virginia are in this satisfied condition? What proof has he, except the assertion of Senator Mason, made the week following the outbreak—an assertion which neither he nor any other man in responsible position has had the effrontery to repeat till it was taken up gratuitously by the Governor of Pennsylvania! The Virginians "know" that their slaves were not contented. They "know" that it was they who burned the stacks and barns and poisoned their cattle, and that it was for fear of them, more than of a Northern invasion, that 2,500 men were for weeks stationed in the County of Jefferson.

Governor Packer, not content with saying, as he had a right to say, that "it is a high offence against the peace of our Commonwealth for disorderly persons to combine together for the purpose of stirring up insurrection in any of the States, or to induce the slaves in the Southern States to abscond from their masters," goes on supererogatorily to add:

"And it would be proper, in my judgment, for the General Assembly to consider whether additional legislation may not be necessary to insure the prompt punishment of such offenders against our peace and security."

Now, if that be the suggestion of a statesman and not a demagogue, we should like to have it demonstrated.

In stating the obligations of the Federal Union, Gov. Packer is entitled at least to the credit of candor. He says:

"In determining our relative duties toward our sister States, the morality of servitude is not an open question, for we are bound by the legal and moral obligation of the compact of the Union, under which we have been brought into existence, and preserved as independent States, as well as by the principles of international law, to respect the institutions which the laws of the several States recognize, and in no other way can we faithfully fulfil our obligations as members of this Confederacy."

Take notice: to a true citizen of the Union, the "morality of servitude is not an open question"; he must go it blind. Right or wrong, conscience or no conscience, God or no God, he must deliver up the fugitive slave and shoot down him that would rise. I don't wonder that, in stating this proposition, the Governor tried to get a milder word, and substituted *servitude* for slavery. But the meaning is the same, and the Governor has properly set forth the conditions of the bond. Let them comply who can; we are not of that number.

Our delegates to Congress have thus far behaved with proper spirit, and shown a capacity for the duties to which they have been appointed. Hickman and Grow, Stevens and McKnight have each taken a conspicuous part in the proceedings of the uncrganized House, and, in the manner in which they acquitted themselves, have reflected credit both on themselves and on the State which they represent. Mr. Hickman has shown himself to be a man not only of ability, but of reliability as well.

The failure of the House to elect a Speaker occasions less regret than, *a priori*, might be supposed. If they should keep up their wrangling till the 4th of July, and then break up without being organized, I don't see that it would make a great deal of difference. The importance of the Federal Government to the peace and prosperity of the country, is an article of faith less confidently cherished than it used to be be. Trade, commerce and the business of life generally have their own laws, and the most that a free community wants is not to be interfered with. To the industry of the North the Federal Government is a fifth wheel to the coach; but to the South its value is not to be over-estimated. It is the prop that sustains the whole Southern system. Take it away, and the fabric topples over.

I don't know whether the fact has been stated in your paper, but, if it has not, it ought to be, that Butler and his wife and child, the parties who were abducted by Myers and other kidnappers from Dickinson Township in this State, have been restored to freedom, and are living in the same house from which they were stolen. How this was brought about would be too long a story to tell here; suffice it to say, it was the result of a compromise, in which Myers was let off from the penalty of his crime, Warfield and Strasberger compelled to abandon their unlawful claim upon the woman and child, and a purchase effected by friends in Cumberland County of the unexpired time of service of Butler. The criminals, though saved from the penalty of the law, have been badly punished, justice has been vindicated, and all parties seem to be well satisfied. Cumberland County, including her court and bar, comes out of this contest rather more creditably than she did out of some preceding controversies of a similar kind.

Since writing what I have penned above about Mr. Randall, I have seen a letter bearing that gentleman's signature, copied from the New York *Herald* into the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, which is in several respects worthy of notice. It argues a sudden and most surprising proficiency in orthography and rhetoric. If it had been written by Mr. Randall's father, or brother, or his law-partner, Mr. Harrison, formerly of Harper's Ferry, Va., it could not have been done better. A natuual sequence to the previous correspondence would have been a notice to Mr. Dana—according to the street-fight code—to expect a visit from him, or an attack whenever they should meet; but Mr. Randall takes another method. He drops the truculence of the bully and argues his case like a lawyer. He changes his venue, too, and goes into the columns of *The Herald*, and there makes an appeal to the public on the merits of the controversy. And he makes out quite a plausible case, assuming his facts to be facts; but, unfortunately for him, Judge Kelley and a dozen others follow him in *The Bulletin*, emphatically denying the truth of his statements. So that the poor man is left without a vestige of defence, and his last dilemma is worse than the first. And now, while I am writing, here comes *The Tribune* of to-day with a note from Mr. Curtis confirming the denial of Judge Kelley and others, and entirely sweeping away what little there was left of the quondam Robert Randall. M.

## Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1860.

THERE is every prospect now that the long contest in which the two great parties have been engaged in the House of Representatives will soon come to an end, and it is not at all unlikely that the pro slavery party will succeed. The last card of the pro-slavery men has been the nomination for Speaker of a Douglas man, from Texas. I refer to Mr. Hamilton. It is a somewhat singular fact that while he is a friend to Mr. Douglass, he is also a disunionist, and can therefore get the votes of the Southern ultraists and the North-Western Democrats.

The ballot taken on Saturday evening showed that two of the heretofore outstanding anti-Lecompton men have gone over to the enemy, and now only Clark of New York, Reynolds of Albany, and Adrain of New Jersey remain. For myself, I have no confidence in Clark. He represents the wealth of New York, and any man who does that cannot be trusted to withstand the seductions and the demands of the Slave Power. I may do injustice to Mr. Clark—he may refuse to the last to support the candidate of the pro-slavery Democracy, but I fear he has not the moral courage either to vote for John Sherman or hold out against the candidate of the Slave Democracy. Adrain of New Jersey is in pretty much the same condition. He *may* continue to the end, as he stands now—he *may*, under the plurality rule, vote for Sherman, but I fear not. Somehow the pro-slavery party always wins in such contests, when the decision rests with Northern Democrats, whether disaffected or otherwise. Mr. Reynolds of Albany is sure to go for Mr. Sherman, but the issue rests with Clark and Adrain. If they go over to the enemy, the disunionists of the South will command a great triumph. In view of this state of things, the Republicans, a few of them at least, talk of withdrawing Sherman and putting up a man who can command a few South American votes. But against this policy there is the almost united voice of the Western and Eastern Republicans. They would rather be whipped by the enemy than give up Sherman. To take up Gov. Pennington of New Jersey, or Tom Corwin of Ohio, would not be so bad a thing in itself, under ordinary circumstances, but just now it would seem to be an abandonment of Sherman because of his endorsement of the Helper book.

One great good would result from the election of a Democrat for Speaker, if a great many evils were attendant upon such a result. If Mr. Hamilton of Texas is elected Speaker of the House by the united votes of the Democrats, Americans and anti-Lecompton men, henceforth there will be but *two* parties in the entire country. Third parties would be wiped out, and the naked issue be presented between the Slave Democracy and the Republicans. It is useless to deny that, at present, there is great danger that the Republicans will abate somewhat of their anti-slavery sentiment, perhaps of their principles, for the sake of getting support in the slave States. Not that they expect any slave States will elect Presidential electors other than Democrats, but they want the moral support of a Southern wing to their party. This is the view of a few timid Republicans, who are frightened by the Southern panic, and who seem to believe that the Union cannot be saved nor the Republican party triumph unless it lower its platform so that Southern slaveholders and pro-slavery men everywhere can stand upon it.

The great body of the Republican members do not share these sentiments, but are boldly for clinging, at all times, to their distinctive principles, be the consequences what they may.

The week which has closed has revealed no new movement in the House, except the one I have above referred to—the nomination of Mr. Hamilton by the pro-slavery members. There has been a running debate all the week upon the slavery question, and the insolence of the slaveholding members has shown no abatement. Threats of disunion may not have been indulged in quite so freely as during the first week of the session, but the bearing of the slaveholding members towards the free States, the Republican members, and free institutions, has been overbearing, irritating, and malignant. So far have these Southern bullies carried their hatred of good men and good institutions that two or three of the Republican members were determined to administer to them a soothing rebuke upon the spot.

Mr. Regan, of Texas, set out with a professedly conservative and conciliatory speech, but he had not proceeded far before he arraigned Massachusetts for her, as he alleged, manifold violations of the Constitution and offences against the South. Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, who is one of the truest exponents of Massachusetts feeling on this slavery question in Congress, replied boldly to the Texan arraignment, and charged home upon the slaveholders that *they* are the guilty parties who violate the Constitution and the laws of the land. He referred to the famous Hoar mission to show how Northern men are treated in the slave States. McQueen, of South Carolina, sprang instantly to his feet to defend his State. He declared that South Carolina not only compelled Mr. Hoar to leave the State, but that she was proud of it, and would serve any other Northern intermeddler in the same fashion!

The fact is that to day, in point of fact, the Union *is* dissolved. What constitutional right has any Northern citizen to-day in a slave State? Is the right of free speech and a free press protected in a single slave State? Not in one. Every prominent Republican in Congress is abused like a pickpocket, in violation of all parliamentary rules. A Virginia member, only two days ago, called Mr. Seward "a perjured traitor," and a week or two ago another slaveholder declared in his place that Mr. Seward ought to be hung. Yet Mr. Seward is a member of the other branch of Congress, and is, by all parliamentary usage, entitled to protection from such insults in Congress. But the man who fills the Clerk's chair in the House is a puppet of the Slave Democracy. He has no more backbone than an eel; and if a member were to rise in his place and call Mr. Sherman by name a scoundrel, he, the Clerk, would not have the manhood to call him to order.

The day of such men must pass away, or despotism will forever triumph in this country. Bold men were never needed quite so much as now. Not rash men, but *men of courage*. The slaveholders are frantic, and timid men are afraid of them. It needs the best sort of courage to resist them in their schemes and personal attacks in Congress just now. Such men as Thaddeus Stevens, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Bingham of Ohio, and many others I might name, are ready at all hazards to uphold the fundamental idea of the Republican organization—opposition to the extension of slavery, and opposition to the general policy of the slaveholding party. But there are others I might mention who wish to sink the slavery agitation, who care more for a tariff or some other political nostrum than they do for human liberty. But it matters little how individuals may act—this great "conflict" will go on until slavery is overthrown, and every human being within the limits of the Union will enjoy all his natural rights.

There is a possibility of disunion, however; and if it should take place, for all that I can see, the white and black races in the South would go down in ruin together.

AVON.

## Our European Correspondence.

### LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....No. XXI.

DECEMBER 19, 1859.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

SIR: I suppose this will reach you by New Year's Day. Permit me to offer, on behalf of the friends of your Cause here, our hearty wishes for a happy new year to your Cause and its supporters. It seems to us that no year has yet opened so manifestly charged with great results, affecting vitally the political and social condition of everybody, of any complexion, in your country. It is impossible but that your whole social situation must have greatly changed before the New Year's Day of 1861. On this side the water, we are slow in believing that great changes are about to happen to you, because the Washington newsmen are in the habit of using the strongest language on the commonest occasions, and of uttering solemn protestations and prodigious prophecies which come to nothing. They have announced the end of every sort of world so often that we wait to hear the crash before we rouse our expectation. This time, however, there is substantial evidence, which we can judge of for ourselves, that your republic is plunged into a crisis which must essentially alter the conditions of her existence. Now that one part of your great nation has hanged as a criminal a man whom the other part is canonizing as a saint, it is clear that the opposition must be solved, in one way or another; and that there can be no delay in bringing on the solution. You are well aware, no doubt, of the perpetual wonder we live in here that you, as a people, do not settle the business out of hand. No explanations about compromises, and Southern encroachments, and political parties, avail in the least to clear up the matter while your Census shows us the number of your citizens, the proportion of whites in the South, and of slaveholders and of slaves. The conclusion always is, "Well, there they are—the people of the North, with their immmense preponderance of numbers, their wealth, their free literature, and all the means of keeping up with the rest of the world, which the Southern men have not. If the men of the free States do not extirpate slavery from their national policy, it can only be because they do not wish it." Now, therefore, when we see more signs than ever before of a genuine and wide-spread abhorrence of slavery, we conclude the North will proceed to cut it out of the Federal Constitution at least. If so, those who live to see another new year will see you fairly entered upon a new phase of national existence. May it be so done as to render the coming year memorable throughout many generations and ages!

Up to last Friday we had, perhaps, more hope than we were conscious of that, by some means or other, John Brown's life might be prolonged. I, for one, was not conscious of any hope; but, when the mail arrived, the news it brought fell leaden on our hearts. It is not difficult to reconcile ourselves to it, seeing how the community is wrought upon by his courage and calmness, and remembering how trying a life-imprisonment must have been to the bereaved old man; but these considerations do not comfort one at the moment of sympathy with his wife and friends. You probably saw in our newspapers a letter from Victor Hugo, and another from an Englishman, proposing, in the belief that Brown had been respited, that England should interpose on his behalf, and seek his pardon, as on a former occasion, when a man was so saved from being hanged at New Orleans for running off a single slave. But if there had been time, the thing could not have been done. There is no analogy between the cases. We could not have interposed on the side of an armed invasion of any part of the territory of an ally; and if we should have committed such a breach of international faith, we should have forfeited all our influence—which is great—on behalf of negro freedom. The unjustifiable character of the act operates thus far; but there it stops; and I trust no English heart is insensible to the heroism and devotedness of Brown, and, I must add, his wife. Nothing is finer, as far as I know, than his conduct in the closing scenes of his life.

The year opens portentously in other countries than yours. The first day of the present year was a rousing of the world to witness the beginning of the conflict between the old period and one which is to succeed it—we know not when. The shock administered by the French Emperor to the representative of Austria, at the Tuileries, on New Year's day, conveyed to others than Austria a prophecy of the suicidal policy of the Bonapartes, and of the final shaking of the old despotic thrones. In the course of the year a great part of Italy has become practically free; and this is a good beginning; but more arduous things remain behind. Professedly, the Congress is to settle the affairs of Europe in a few weeks; but, in the present roused state of all nations, a Congress must resolve and act in accordance with the necessity of the time—that is, the will of the nations—or it will be simply set aside. With or without a Congress, there must be changes which will introduce a new period of European history. Just cast a glance over the attitude of every nation in Europe, this New Year's Day, and say whether such a position can be preserved for many months.

Austria is avowedly on the verge of dissolution. Hungary is in open disaffection, not to say rebellion; only, we do not apply the word to a nation like the Hungarians, who are not properly subjects of the Austrian empire, but only of an Austrian Prince as King of Hungary. Other countries, which really are provinces of the Austrian empire, are no less disaffected. Indeed, there seem to be none that are in any degree satisfied. The Emperor is ignorant and obstinate; the Imperial family are dispersed by their own quarrels; the government is insolvent, and it has lost its financial honor. The only support now is the French Emperor, who exposed all this weakness, and now pats his late foe on the back, and encourages him in his notions of governing. Then there is Turkey, full of capabilities of all kinds, but troubled and declining under hopeless misgovernment. There are the Papal States and Naples, insulted by the rule of stupid despots and crafty priests, aided by foreign soldiers. Some good many of the Pope's subjects have shown that the present state of things at Rome and Naples is not likely to last many days. Then there is Piedmont. Long before the coming year is out, it must be decided whether the King is to be in truth a constitutional sovereign, or whether he is to go on to be the tool and the slave of the French Emperor. Nowhere is a pronounced change more needful and more inevitable than in Piedmont. Then the Central Italian States must have their independence established or overthrown within a few months. Spain has entered on a career of trouble, having insisted on going to war with a Mussulman nation, which may yield more trouble, and less glory, than she imagines. A crusade against the Crescent is scarcely justifiable in our day, in any light; and Spain should have discharged her debts before plunging into a war which would have kept well, as nothing was done on the side of the Morocco government to bring it on, but everything possible to avert it. We English have had occasion to know something of the relation between Spanish "enthusiasm" and its practical achievements. Then there is "the eldest son of the Church," who is giving the old Pope so sore a heart, and the Italian States a still sorer. Before the lapse of another year, the French Emperor must have made up his mind for or against Italian freedom, or have brought upon himself the consequences of his indecision or craft. Already it is felt that he is more the victim than the master of the situation he has thrust himself into; and he will probably soon find that he and his new Austrian friend are not strong enough to extinguish the aspirations of Europe. No one ever attempts, unless it be the Emperor's flatterers, to prophesy what will be the state of things in France at the end of a year; but it is some comfort, on behalf of liberty, to see the Emperor plunged in perplexity at the beginning. Russia is in the midst of the perilous enterprise of emancipating the serfs, in which the Czar has the sympathy of every good heart in Europe But the dangers and embarrassments are very great; and no catastrophe could astonish us, convinced as we are that any delay would have aggravated the peril. The state of trade and scarcity of money are misfortunes of great weight at the moment; and a worse is the recent severity of the Czar to the Poles, which compares unfavorably even with the bearing of Austria to the Hungarians. Another year will find Prussia and her German neighbors united by a better federal bond than the present, or in increased danger from France. As for us, the coming year will do much towards making us a military nation, as far as that sort of development is needful for purposes of peace and security. We are daily advancing in our military accomplishments, and in the reform of our army organization and training. We are going to fortify our arsenals and dockyards, being thoroughly willing to spend any amount of wealth necessary for removing all temptation to invasion involved in our deficiency of safeguards.

We have every blessing of plenty and prosperity and content at home. As a people, we never before were so well employed, so well fed and comfortable, and so well satisfied with our national lot.

You will hardly see any contradiction to this in the recent outpourings of treason in Ireland. The mere fact of the impunity with which the Romish Mitchels of the day utter their nonsense proves what the practical freedom of Irishmen is. The rise in the condition of all classes of the people there, the rapid increase of population now, and the necessity of shutting up some of the workhouses, from the falling off of paupers, and the extension of tillage and rise in the value of land, all indicate a state of high prosperity and content. The exception is the stir made by the Pope's special clique of priests. You will wonder, as we do, whether it can possibly be ignorance which causes these priests to revile the Queen and the English generally for the woes of the Pope, when it is precisely the English government which has held aloof from the Italian struggle, while the Pope's "eldest son" is he who had shaken the papal throne. All the Pope's enemies are Catholics, and the most urgent are his own subjects. Thus, the railing of the Irish priests is somewhat fantastical in its spirit, its assertions and its direction. If you have read these pieces of oratory, you will have seen that the educated Catholic laity, and many of the priests, disclaim sympathy with these meetings, and the censures uttered at them, while grieving for the Pope, as his spiritual subjects must and ought. Nothing will come of the movement, though great mischiefs have before happened in Ireland on grounds quite as unreasonable. No official notice will be taken of mere oratorical treason, which events will soon rebuke. There is no homefelt discontent in Ireland now, except, as in England and everywhere, on some remediable points, involving no essential question of government. What I have said may be quite unnecessary; but, while French and Romish agitators talk of bumbling us through Ireland, as our weak point, our chronic ailment, it may be as well to show you that "we have changed all that," and can prove that Ireland is one of the happiest portions of the empire. If we do not put arms in their hands, and ask them to turn riflemen, it is simply because they are still apt to quarrel among themselves, and to go to blows on the mere sight of weapons. We may hope that the next generation will have outgrown this propensity. Meantime, they are left to their peaceful labors, each man being free to learn rifle practice if he likes, but no "faction" being put in the way of temptation to fight his neighbors, instead of waiting for the enemy. Once more a happy New Year to your Cause, and all who uphold it!

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

### *THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.*

A SERIES of Anti-Slavery Conventions will be held as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Auburn | Thursday and Friday, Jan. | 12, 13 |
| Utica | Monday and Tuesday, " | 16, 17 |
| Poughkeepsie | Monday and Tuesday, " | 23, 24 |
| Hudson | Wednesday, " | 25 |
| Troy | Friday, " | 27 |
| Easton | Saturday and Sunday, " | 28, 29 |

Addresses by PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL, MARIUS R. ROBINSON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

Sessions afternoons and evenings, at 2 and 7 o'clock.

The platform will be free to all candid discussion of the question.

Let there be a grand mustering of the hosts of Freedom, to provide, by the enactment of a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW, for protecting our State from the prowling kidnapper; and to remove the whole SLAVE SYSTEM, before God shall arise in His anger, and swell the HARPER'S FERRY scenes into a RED SEA deluge for the destruction of our worse than EGYPTIAN OPPRESSORS.

Our readers will notice some changes of date in the above announcements since the last issue. The meetings for Troy and Easton are now announced for the first time.

STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The New York State Annual Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, at ALBANY, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Jan. 31, and Feb. 1 and 2.

Speakers: WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, M. R. ROBINSON, LEONARD GIBBS, AARON M. POWELL, Mrs. J. ELIZABETH JONES, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

Convention to commence at 2 1-2 o'clock Tuesday, p. m.

Let every County in the State be represented. This, surely, is the hour for the friends of Freedom to rally at the Capital, that our law-makers may feel the united voice of the Empire State for a PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held in ASSOCIATION HALL, ALBANY, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 31 and 4th.

Addresses will be delivered by WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, J. ELIZABETH JONES, Mrs. TRACY CUTLER, and others.

First session to commence at 2 1-2 Friday p. m.

### *CONVENTION AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.*

*To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.*

A LARGE and very successful Anti-Slavery Convention has just been held here, in Arcade Hall. The Rev. Mr. JUDSON, of this place, presided.

The sessions during the day time were only tolerably well attended, but both evenings the large hall was completely filled. The Convention was addressed by PARKER PILLSBURY, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and AARON M. POWELL. The discussions, which were very earnest and radical, commanded most thoughtful attention, and, to a great extent, expressions of hearty approval. The "impending crisis" multitudes of people are beginning to realize as never before. Very truly yours, L.

Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., Jan. 7, 1860.

INFORMATION WANTED.—We have received the following letter, which we copy with all the precision of which types are capable:

Alvira Pa Jan' 4 1860

Your National anti Slavery Newspaper is not taken up out of the office I dont think it nescessary for you to send any more they are not the right stripe for the people in this part of the country

Therfore you will not nead to send any more

P. M. Alvira Postoffice

Lycoming County

The names of the men Pema

whom you have been sending them I will mention so that you may know which it is

We presume the postmaster at Alvira, Pa., to be, if not a gentleman of elegant attainments, at least one who has some decent knowledge of his mother-tongue, and who is sufficiently acquainted with the duties of his office to know that an official letter requires a signature. We shall disregard, therefore, the pretended order of this pro-slavery, Buchanan rascal who wishes to deprive our subscribers at Alvira of THE STANDARD, and, while he assumes the official designation, has not the courage to forge the name of the postmaster. If any subscriber at Alvira wishes to stop his paper, he must ask it himself or send his order through the postmaster. Till then the paper will be sent and will have to be paid for. If the subscriber neglects to take his paper from the office, or has requested the postmaster to notify us that he wishes to stop, then that official is responsible by law for the subscription price so long as he neglects his duty.

A WORD FROM MISS WATKINS.—A friend sends us the following extract of a letter from FRANCES E. WATKINS, dated Dec. 9th. It should have been published earlier, but was crowded out by the press of matter connected with the affair at Harper's Ferry.

"I am in Ohio now, and speaking on the Fugitive bill Is it not shocking, the boldness of the slave-hunters since the triumph of the Slave Power in Northern Ohio—that wretched swapping affair? Did you see the account of a late arrest of a man to whom about 15 minutes' trial was given? Fifteen minutes to bid adieu to freedom, and then to be cast into the gaping jaws of American despotism! Oh, my friend, do you not sometimes feel almost heart-sickened? But you, in your mountain home, only hear of these things; what must it be to dwell in the midst of them? Now, will you write to me as soon as possible? I shall not long make any demands on your friendship; the doctor thinks my lungs are weak, and that I need rest more than medicine. That rest may soon be the unbroken slumber of the grave. Well, I hope that the Everlasting Arms will shield me forever from the guilt, the power and pollution of sin. There the mortal woe and sorrow may never surge against me, and these cries of wrong and suffering never enter, to wake up my soul and disturb me. Should I not be permitted to labor much longer, will you not remember my poor blighted and crushed people, and do what you can for them? Virginia has sacrificed that dear old man who laid his hands upon the bloody citadel of American slavery and shook the guilty fabric to its base; shall not, my dear friend, his blood be a fresh baptism of freedom, his grave a new altar where men may record more earnest vows against slavery? Shall it not intensify your hatred of slavery and deepen your love of freedom, and give you fresh vigor to battle for justice and right?"

THE KENTUCKY EXILES.—We have no space for comments upon the expulsion from Kentucky of John G. Fee and his associates. The story is as thrilling as any of the narratives of the persecutions of the early Christians, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. What an illustration does it afford of the spirit of slavery and its incompatibility with the freedom of speech! In the cavalcade that surrounded the house of Mr Rogers, to warn him and his friends of the consequences of remaining in the State, how many were members of popular orthodox Churches? Watch the religious journals of the North, which habitually record every instance of Popish persecution against Protestants, whether at home or abroad, and see what they say of this banishment of Christian men from the soil of Kentucky for the crime of believing and proclaiming that it is a sin to treat God's children as property!

MEETINGS IN COLUMBIA COUNTY.—Aaron M. Powell, in a letter dated Ghent, Columbia County, Jan. 3d., says: "Charles C. Burleigh spoke here, in Friends' meeting-house, on Sunday afternoon last, and gave one of the ablest discourses I have ever heard from him. His theme was 'Slavery and Harper's Ferry.' He has recently spoken in several adjoining towns, to great acceptance." Mr. Powell and his sister held a meeting at Chatham Four Corners, in the lecture-room of the Methodist Church, on the 2d inst. It was much larger than any meeting of the same character ever held there before, and a very gratifying state of feeling was exhibited. We are very glad to hear that Miss Powell, who is a young lady of fine natural powers and a graduate of the State Normal School, is disposed to serve the cause as a public speaker so far as her occupation as a teacher will permit.

THE DIAL.—We invite attention to the prospectus, in another column, of a new periodical which is to bear this name and to be conducted in a similar spirit to that which characterized "THE DIAL" of 1838–9. Many of our readers, we hope, will gladly welcome such a publication and do what they can to sustain it. The prospectus would have had an earlier insertion but for the extraordinary pressure upon our columns since it came to hand. But it is not too late to make an effort in its behalf. Mr. Conway is known to our readers as one who has the courage to speak his whole mind upon all questions of public interest—the very man, in a word, to be the conductor of such a periodical.

PROPHECY.—*The Herald* is begining to appreciate the power of the Anti-Slavery Movement, and, in its despair, it utters this prophecy: "Already the Republicans are more than half abolitionized, and the process is still going on at a fearful speed. The moderate men will be carried away by the resistless current; and when the politicians, who always go with the strongest side, find out the strength of the revolutionary element, they will yield themselves up to its sweeping energy, preferring to be borne on the crest of the wave rather than to be overwhelmed beneath its weight."

If any friend of the anti-slavery cause is inclined to take a discouraging view of its prospects, perhaps this cry of despair from an enemy may do him good like a medicine.

NEW YORKERS EXILED.—The *Evening Post* says:

"Among the passengers of the Columbia, which arrived in this city, from Charleston, on the 4th inst., were several who were driven out of the State, on suspicion of entertaining anti-slavery sentiments. None of them, as we can learn, have violated any law of the State; but the excitement is so great there that a bare suspicion of entertaining feelings hostile to slavery is deemed sufficient ground for expelling men from the State, however honest or industrious their habits of life. The same steamer, on her next last voyage, brought home an ex-police-sergeant of this city, who was notified to leave the State within a certain time, or be driven out by force."

PARKER PILLSBURY delivered a characteristic and powerful discourse, on Sunday evening last, in Corinthian Hall, Rochester. His subject was "The Need of Moral Agitation"; his text, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." The audience was quite large. AARON M. POWELL will speak in the same place to-morrow (Sunday) evening. His subject will be "The Christian Citizen."

MRS. MASON, the Virginia correspondent of Mrs. Child, is, we learn from the *Chester County Times*, a native of Bucks Co., Pa. Her maiden name was Chew. She has relatives residing in that County—sound anti-slavery thinkers and doers.

### *NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

THE JOHN BROWN INVASION: an Authentic History of the Harper's Ferry Tragedy, with full details of the Capture, Trial and Execution of the Invaders, and of all the Incidents connected therewith. With a lithographic portrait of Capt. JOHN BROWN, from a photograph by Whipple. Boston: James Campbell, 62 and 64 Cornhill.

The compiler of this pamphlet is Mr. Thomas Drew, formerly editor of the *Massachusetts Spy*, and now connected, in a business capacity with the *Atlantic Monthly*. In the preface he says:

In the preparation of this history of the John Brown invasion, the compiler has endeavored to give a faithful and connected narrative of events in the order of their occurrence. Noticing with what eager desire everything relating to the affair was sought by all classes of people, and the especial interest that was manifested in every circumstance that related personally to "The Hero of Harper's Ferry," he has sought to combine in these pages every fact and incident relating to the event, which the friends and admirers of the man would wish to preserve, as mementoes of the simplicity of his character, the nobility of his purposes, the disinterestedness of his motives, the sublime heroism of his deeds, and the remarkable piety by which he was governed and sustained.

The portrait which accompanies the work is pronounced by Captain Brown's New England friends as the best ever taken. It is lithographed by Bufford, in the very best style of the art, from a photograph by Whipple, and will be recognized by all who were familiar with the features of the original, as a faithful delineation of the features of him who has so recently and so forcibly illustrated the lines of the poet, that

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

We judge, after a hasty glance, that Mr. Drew has done his work well. The likeness of John Brown shows his face unbearded, and on that account will probably be preferred by many to any other that has appeared. The appendix contains WENDELL PHILLIPS's Brooklyn address, "The Lesson of the Hour," a full report of the Boston "John Brown Meeting" (including the speeches of Phillips, Emerson and Manning), and a refutation of the slanders upon the character of John Brown in connection with the Pottawattomie massacre.

The pamphlet is sold for 25 cents. A copy of it should be placed in every family in the land. It is the very fuel with which to feed the fires of the great Revolution (God grant it may be peaceful!) which will yet sweep away every vestige of slavery from this country.

—Our friend at Cleveland (H. F. M. B) will see that the work which she proposed to do is already done (essentially) by another. If, however, she is still inclined to pursue her contemplated task, we will gladly publish her prospectus.

HARRY LEE, OR HOPE FOR THE POOR. New York: Harper and Brothers.

AN unpretentious volume, full of interest and calculated to do good; not a novel, and yet a story which recognizes the fact that people will sometimes get in love. It aims to show the reclaiming and elevating tendency of kindness and affection, and traces a lad from New York degradation through youth to manhood, acquaints him with a virtuous, well educated girl in Ohio, who aids him in acquiring the rudiments of an education, and to whom he becomes ardently attached; but whether she reciprocates the sentiment or not can be found out by reading the book. At first neither are Christians, but in time "Ellen" becomes such, and the charm of the story resides in its naturally portraying the influence which she exerts over the hero. The book abounds in scenes of unstudied pathos, and an unobtrusive spirit of unsectarian religion pervades it throughout. It will repay a perusal.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN.—We have received a pamphlet containing the proceedings of the "John Brown Meeting" at Cleveland, including speeches of Rev. J. C. White, C. H. Langston, R. P. Spalding, Rev. A. Crooks, J. H. W. Toohey, D. R. Tilden, Rev. Mr. Brewster and A. G. Riddle. The proceeds of the book are for the benefit of the widows of the killed at Harper's Ferry and at Charlestown. Price 25 cents, postage paid. Address H. F. M. Brown, Cleveland, Ohio.

### MARRIED.

FRENCH—ABBOTT.—In Philadelphia, 12th month 1st, by Friends' ceremony, Richard French to Julia A. Abbott, daughter of the late Wm. S. and E. Shaw Abbott, all of Philadelphia.

HUNPTON—MARSH.—In Sadsbury, Pa., on Thursday, the 5th inst., by the Rev. A. Reed, Mr. Hanford Hunpton, of Nobleville, Lancaster Co., Pa., to Miss Lizzie Marsh, of Sadsbury, Chester Co., Pa.

MCCLELLAND—MARSH.—On the same day, by the same, Mr. J. S. McClelland, of Tiffin, Ohio, to Miss Henrietta Marsh, of Sadsbury, Chester Co., Pa.

### AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

*Receipts for The Standard, from Dec. 1st to January 1st.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1042 | H. A. Guild, Waterford, | New York, | $1 00 |
| 1050 | John Dysslin, Newville, | " | 4 00 |
| 1067 | J. Walpole, Keeseville, | " | 2 00 |
| 1050 | John Addison, Lockport, | " | 3 00 |
| 1072 | Mrs. Mary A. Brown, North Elba, | " | 2 00 |
| 1070 | John T. Hogeborn, Ghent, | " | 2 00 |
| 1072 | Mrs. C. M. Riqua, Peeksville, | " | 2 00 |
| 1070 | James Campbell, Rochester, | " | 2 00 |
| 1064 | Wm. Marsh, South Barre, | " | 2 00 |
| 1040 | B. Schieffelin, New York City, | | 3 40 |
| 1040 

# Miscellaneous Department.

## AN OLD BALLAD.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

THE following story in verse was often related to me, when I was a child, by my dear mother, who also wrote it down for me, that I might never forget it. Who the author of it is I do not know; perhaps some of your readers may be able to inform you. If so, I wish they would do it. My mother learned the story, which is evidently English in its origin, from an old lady, named Deland, who resided for some years in my grandfather's family. She was, I think, an Englishwoman by birth; at any rate, she was a great traveller, having been carried captive to Canada by Indians, once, at least, and gone through numberless adventures and hair-breadth escapes. In her last days she sat in a comfortable corner, with my mother almost constantly by her side, and repeated stories in prose and verse, sufficient in number to fill many volumes, and sufficient in interest and thrilling effect to be worthy of having millions of readers.

This faulty but touching history of YAMBA, the African slave, is one of them. It has had more to do with causing my disgust and abhorrence of slavery than all the other anti-slavery utterances that ever I read or heard. It will be a pleasure to me to see it in print.

Yours, very truly, HELEN BRUCE.

### THE SORROWS OF YAMBA.

In St. Lucia's distant Isle,
Still with Afric's love I burn;
Parted many a thousand mile,
Never, never to return.

Come, kind Death, and give me rest;
Yamba has no friend but thee;
Thou canst ease this throbbing breast,
Thou canst set the prisoner free.

Down my cheeks the tears are dripping,
Broken is my heart with grief,
Mangled my poor flesh with whipping;
Come, kind Death, and give relief.

Born on Afric's golden coast,
Once I was as blest as you;
Parents tender I could boast,
Husband dear and children too.

White man he came from far,
Sailing o'er the briny flood,
Who, with help of British tar,
Buys up human flesh and blood.

With my baby at my breast—
Others, too, were sleeping by—
In my hut I sat at rest,
With no thought of danger nigh.

From the bush at eventide
Rushed the fierce man's stealing crew,
Seized the children by my side,
Seized the wretched Yamba too.

Then for love of filthy gold
Straight they bore me to the sea,
Crammed me down the slave-ship's hold,
Where were hundreds stowed like me.

Naked men and women, lying,
See! we crossed the trembling wave;
Shrieking, sick'ning, fainting, dying;
Deed of shame for Britons brave.

At the savage Captain's beck
Now like brutes they make us prance;
Smack the cat about the deck,
And in scorn they bid us dance.

Nauseous horse-beans they bring nigh;
Sick and sad, we cannot eat;
"Cat must cure their sulks," they cry,
And down our throats they force the meat.

I in groaning passed the night,
And did roll my aching head;
At the break of morning light
My poor babe was cold and dead.

Happy, happy, there she lies;
She will feel the lash no more;
Thus full many a negro dies
Ere they reach the distant shore.

Thee, sweet infant, none shall sell,
Thou hast gained a watery grave,
Clean escaped the tyrants fell,
While thy mother lives a slave.

Driven like cattle to a fair,
See, they sell us, young and old;
Child from mother too they tear,
All for love of filthy gold.

I was sold to massa hard,
Some have massas kind and good;
Then again my back was scarred,
Bad and stinted was my food.

Poor and wounded, faint and sick,
All exposed to burning sky,
Massa bid me grass to pick,
And I now am near to die.

What and if to death he send me?
Savage murder though it be,
British laws will ne'er befriend me;
They protect not slaves like me.

Mourning thus my wretched state—
Ne'er may I forget the day!—
Once, at dusk of even late,
Far from home I dared to stray—

Dared, alas! with impious haste
Toward the roaring sea to fly;
Death itself I longed to taste—
Longed to cast me in and die.

But I met upon the strand
English missionary good;
He had Bible book in hand,
Which poor me no understood.

Led by pity from afar,
He had left his native ground:
Thus, if some inflict a scar,
Others fly to cure the wound.

Straight he pulled me from the shore,
Bid me no self-murder do;
Talked of state when life is o'er,
All from Bible good and true.

Then he led me to his cot,
Soothed and pitied all my woe,
Told me 'twas the Christian's lot
Much to suffer here below;

Told me, too, of God's dear Son—
Strange and wondrous was the story!—
What sad wrong to *Him* was done,
How they served the Lord of Glory;

Told me, too, *like one who knew Him*
(*Can* such love as this be true?),
How He *died for those that slew Him*,
Died for wretched Yamba too.

Freely He his mercy proffered,
And to sinners He was sent—
Even to *massa* pardon's offered;
Oh! if massa *would* repent!

Oh! ye slaves whom massas beat,
Ye are stained with guilt within;
As ye hope for mercy sweet,
So forgive your massa's sin.

And in grief when sinking low,
Mark the path that Yamba trod;
Think how all her pain and woe
Brought the captive home to God.

But though here a convert *rare*
Toanks her God for grace divine,
Let not man the glory share—
Savior, all the grace is thine.

Here one injured slave forgives,
There a host for vengeance cry;
Here a single Yamba lives,
There a thousand droop and die.

Duly now baptized am I
By good missionary man—
Lord! my nature purify,
As no outward water can.

Teach me now to pray and praise,
Joy and glory in my Lord,
Trust and serve Him all my days,
All my former thoughts abhorred.

Worn indeed with grief and pain,
Death I now will welcome in—
O the heavenly prize to gain!
O to 'scape the power of sin!

True of heart and meek and lowly,
Pure and blameless let me grow;
Holy may I be, for holy
Is the place to which I go.

But though Death this hour may find me,
Still with Afric's love I burn;
There I left a spouse behind me,
Still *to native land* I turn.

And when Yamba sinks in death,
This her latest prayer shall be,
While I yield my parting breath,
Oh! that Afric might be free.

Cease, ye British sons of murder,
Cease from forging Afric's chains;
Mock your Savior's name no further,
Cease your savage lust of gains.

Ye that boast ye rule the waves,
Bid no slave-ship sail the sea;
Ye that never will be slaves,
Bid poor Afric's sons be free.

Where ye gave to war its birth,
Where your traders fixed their den,
There go publish "Peace on earth";
Go, proclaim "Good will to men."

Where your ships have carried slaughter,
Vice and slavery and sin,
Seized on husband, wife and daughter,
Let the gospel enter in.

And where Yamba's distant home,
Humble hut of rushes, stood,
Oh! if there should chance to roam
Some dear missionary good,

And in Afric's distant land
Meet the man whom still I love,
Join him to the Christian band,
Guide his soul to realms above.

*There* no cruel fiend shall sever
Those whom God hath joined and blessed;
There they dwell with Him forever,
There the weary are at rest.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

## MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

### CHAP. XXVII.

HETTY'S warning to Rachel, though instantly heeded, came too late to save Maria or her protector. Closely watched by anxious scouts, the hiding-place was easily ferreted out. Rachel had gone, the day after her interview with Hetty, to see Maria's husband, and interested him in the secret. Though the poor negro's very life seemed bound up in the result, he had no power to stay the cloud of trouble which was hanging over his wife. He planned and directed a hundred ways for immediate flight, but each one seemed so utterly impracticable that they were bound to be abandoned. All through the dark hours of the two nights preceding the discovery he and Rachel sat together in the cabin, scheming, making and altering plans. Poor Peter was timid and could not give in to the bold ideas of Rachel.

"Why not start at once?" she inquired, "this very night?"

"We kan't git over de ferry; dar is no boat. You see, Rachel, if we waits a little bit longer, till I look round a bit, an' find two or three friends to help me on, and git a boat an' sich like things, why, I b'lieves we can git away very easy and widout much trouble to anybody."

"What do you mean, poor fool," exclaimed the energetic woman, "by waiting a bit? Haven't I told you that there are those who suspect us, who watch round this cabin, and stick like bloodhounds upon my very tracks? By tarrying longer here, you not only expose me to danger, but peril your wife's liberty. Go at once if you would save all. To stay here is to perish."

She spoke quickly and glanced round as if afraid that her very words had raised up spectres of armed men.

Maria crawled out from her closet close to Peter's side, and, laying her hand upon his arm, said,

"Come, Pete, let us go now, dis very minnit. If I am to be kotched, I doesn't want it to be in dis here cab'n, whar I'se bin so kindly took kere of. I doesn't want to pay back Rachel's kindness in dat sort of way, no how. Come, let's go at once. De sooner we is out from here, de better it'll be for all sides."

Rachel was pleased at this show of determination on the part of Maria, and she said, in a cheerful and encouraging voice,

"That's right, Maria; be brave; keep up your heart and spirits, and you will come out right; trust in God and your own prudence. I hope it will end well."

Though she spoke hopefully and tried to *feel* so, her blood was chilly, and the shadow of a great danger seemed to loom up before her at every step. Dashing her hand across her eyes, as if to disperse a mist, she rose and began to make up a bundle.

"I will only give you a little provision, Maria; it will not be well for you to take clothing; you must do the best you can with what you wear away; and I am sorry I cannot give you food enough to last for several days; but I fear that even this small bundle will be a disadvantage; try to get along the best you can, and look to God for help."

Saying this, she placed the little bundle in the fugitive's hands, and was about to call down a blessing upon the prepared flight, when they were all startled by a quick knock at the door.

"Oh, my God!" cried Maria, "who is dat?"

Shrinking back into her closet, Rachel as hastily concealed her as possible, and called out, in an intrepid tone,

"Who knocks?"

"Let us in, at once," answered a gruff voice.

Between fear and surprise, she thought she recognized the tone of Sharpe.

"My God, what *can* it mean!" She trembled violently, but dared not open the door.

"Will you let me in at once?"

"I cannot open the door to strangers at this hour of the night."

"If you do not open it, we will break it down."

"There are more than one. They have come for no good purpose. Don't hide, Peter," she added in a whisper; "it will excite suspicion; stand your ground boldly. I had better open the door, I suppose, for they have power to force it."

"Stop that d—d whispering, and let us in without another minnit's parley."

Pressing her hand close to her heart, and collecting all the forces of her soul for such a trying moment, she approached the door with a steady step, turned the key and drew back the bolt. There stood Sharpe, Hynes and Isaac (the colored blacksmith).

"You are devilish long openin' of yer door, you yallow wench," said Sharpe, as he swaggered into the room.

"What ar' you doin' here, boy?" and Hynes laid his hand on Peter's arm. "Who do you belong to, and what brings you to this cabin at sich an hour of the night?"

The timid, trembling slave, whose very life and spirit had been ground out of him by long usage and slave service, tried to explain that he had come to make a visit to Rachel and had overstaid his time, &c.

"All that is putty plain to see, and you needn't be a tellin' us of it; but out with yer bieness; what brought yer here?"

Peter began to tremble more violently.

"Oh, Mas'er Sharpe, Mas'er Hynes, please"—

Hereupon Rachel interfered.

"What is it to you, Mr. Hynes or Mr. Sharpe? The negro doesn't belong to either of you; and the cause of his visit to me is my business and not yours; so tell me what *you* come for, and leave pretty soon, or I'll turn the whole of you out."

"You wil, ha—will you?" and Sharpe seated himself in a chair just in front of her, drew out a couple of cigars, offered one to Hynes, lighted the other and began smoking in the most indifferent manner, all the while regarding her with an impudent expression. The woman, though dreadfully frightened, did not quiver or quail, but answered his impudent glance with a look of the sternest defiance.

"Well, let's have a bit o' talk 'bout it, Rachel, afore we settles it. Now, we dosn't mean to stay long on yer premises; but afore we goes, we counts to take more 'an we brought with us; we'll have the pleasure of yer company, if you pleases, to ride into town with us and to take a look and stop awhile at the jail. How would you like to spend some time thar?"

Removing the cigar from his mouth, while a cloud of offensive tobacco smoke filled the room, he eyed her with the malignity of a devil; still, Rachel's fortitude and self-possession did not forsake her. Crushing down her wounded pride and sensibility, she determined to meet the wretch with a manner that should be equal to his own audacity.

"I guess you will not take me to your jail, or five steps from my own cabin," she answered, with a seemingly *nonchalant* tone.

"That's got to be seen yit. I s'pose by the time I git through with this smoker" (alluding to his cigar), "you'll be ready to start?"

With a laugh and a wink, he turned to his friend Hynes, saying,

"Wal, now, Tom, I s'pects it's time for you to begin the sarch."

At this, Rachel forgot herself, and gave a little nervous start, which was quickly observed by Sharpe.

"Oh, ho! Rachel, you is comin' to yerself, I see, and begins to git skittish like; don't shy too soon, colt, for we hain't fairly begun yit; you'll want yer blinders soon enuff."

All of this provincial gibberish fell unheeded upon the woman. She felt herself growing stony. With that one phrase, "search the house," she read her warrant. Now she fully understood Hetty's warning. All was discovered, *all* was lost! She put her hands out piteously and pitiably, as if clutching at some immediate means of help or safety.

"What is it, Rachel, that skeers you so?" asked Sharpe; but her eyes only closed as if to exclude some horrid sight.

"Well, Peter," put in Hynes, as he knocked the ashes from his half-consumed cigar, "tell me where is that other member of yer company, that woman that has bin a-stayin' here for some time? I'd like to see her, too."

"Dar isn't no other 'ooman here, Mas'er Hynes—no other 'ceptin' Rachel."

"Thar isn't, ha!"

"No, mas'er."

"Well, now, Pete, you ginerally lies putty well; but this time you has done *too* well. We'd like to have you fetch out that gal you've got hid here. I want to see how much she looks like the widder Vitetor's Maria."

The suddenness of this speech took the poor negro quite by surprise and threw him utterly off his guard. Thinking only of his wife's danger, forgetting prudence and everything else, he fell upon his knees at Hynes's feet, exclaiming,

"Oh, pray, Mas'er Hynes, pray don't—pray—please"—

"Fool! fool!" cried out Rachel, as she dashed Peter aside, and, walking up to Hynes, said,

"What is it you want with me? I am the only woman in this house, and you know it; look at me and see who I resemble; be quick about your look, too, for I want you gone from this cabin; it is late at night, and neither right nor agreeable for you to stay any longer."

"Yes, but before I go, I tell yer, you merlatter wench, that I am goin' to examine this cabin. I'm goin' to look in every hole and corner till I git that nigger, that run away nigger you has got hid here. I am goin' to take her back to her rightful owners. 'Tain't no sort o' use in you opposin' me, for I ginerally has my own way with the like of you; so it behooves you at once to give up to me. Look here, gal, when Tom Hynes says a thing, he means it, and the like o' you is no more in my way 'an a cow, an' not so much as one o' them good Durham stock. I looks upon niggers as a cross between a baboon and the devil."

Insults such as these and from *such* a source had no gall for Rachel. She heeded them no more than the ravings of a madman, but her heart forboded evil, trouble. She knew that these two men were determined, if possible, to find the wretched fugitive who had begged shelter from her. And this it was that so wrung her soul and wrote her face over with grief. Seizing a lamp from the table, Hynes called out to Sharpe to follow him into the inner room and begin the search. The confused noise of voices had reached poor Maria in her closet. She crouched down under the planks, closer and closer, scarcely daring to breathe, lest she should be heard. When Sharpe flung the closet door open and held the lamp in, looking behind every little box, removing every bundle to see if she was there, some rays of light penetrated the crevices of her hiding-place, and she almost screamed aloud in terror.

"Wal, Hynes, she ain't thar, as I can see."

"Give me the lamp," cried out the burly negro-catcher; "I'll find her if she's anywhar about. My dander is up now, and she is obleeged to be found, if anywhar about."

He carefully reconnoitered both rooms, not overlooking a single spot or failing to remove each and every article of furniture. Determined not to be baffled, he swung open the closet door, saying, with a coarse oath,

"I'll rip up this floor, like all thunder, till I find her. Whar is she? D—n it, Isaac, didn't you tell me she was hid somewhar here?"

"Yes, mas'er, to'ther night, when I was prowlin' round, I seed or thought I seed a woman settin' here, talkin' long with Rachel, and, from de way dey seemed to hide round, I tuck her to be a runaway, and de bit of a sight I got of her face, when I stole up to de winder, looked mightily like de widder Vitetor's Maria, as I 'members her."

The negro hung his head as he finished the sentence; he dared not meet the full, penetrating glance which Rachel fastened upon him.

"Let's rip up the floor," suggested Sharpe.

"Begin with the closet," cried Hynes.

Poor Rachel! her last hope fled affrighted. Clasping her hands tightly over her breast, she turned her eyes to heaven, resolving to meet the worst with composure.

In a few moments the slight board floor was torn off, and there, crouching closely down to the ground, shivering, trembling, half dead with fear, cowered the poor hunted fugitive.

"Well, this is a putty sight!" shrieked Hynes.

"Jist as I said—jist as I told you," cried Sharpe, rubbing his hands with delight; and, turning to Rachel, he added,

"You'll smart for this, I can tell you."

She did not speak, but stood with her glassy eye fixed on Maria.

The poor fugitive turned her eye from one to the other, with an eager, dazzled sort of look, scarcely seeming to comprehend the scene. The very lamp-light was too strong and bright for her eyes, which had been so long accustomed to the darkness. Once only she extended her long black arms to her husband, as if begging from him that protection which she ought naturally to expect; but he was powerless, and turned from her to conceal, if possible, his own anguish.

"Rachel! Rachel!" she called out, in a heart-broken tone, "will they kill me? I wish they would."

It was a great blow. A blasting bolt come at the very moment when Hope seemed fairest! Liberty was lost, and she had no further wish, but, with a sullen sort of indifference, resolved to go and endure. So she soon commanded herself with such a show of resignation that Hynes afterwards declared he believed she was willing to go back to slavery. This assertion is often made by slave-catchers, and we doubt not with as little truth.

"Come, every one of you," said Hynes; "come, right away, and git in my wagon. I'm goin' to take you to jail; and as for you, Rachel, I guesses it won't go well along with you. Thar has bin already a good deal of talk 'bout free niggers in the neighborhood, and a putty strong feelin' is got up agin 'em, an' I guess you has put the finish to it. But, come, git on your bonnet an' bustle into the wagon."

She did not stop to look round her cabin, but only secured the key of her bureau, and, folding a shawl about her form, signified her readiness to follow. Maria's wrists were tied with a slight cord, and she was assisted into the wagon and seated near her husband.

They drove along rapidly in the still starlight, never speaking a word to each other, and scarcely heeding the coarse jokes and ribaldry of the men, who were smoking furiously all the while.

A dismal sense of loneliness and destitution came over Rachel when the grated door of the jail closed upon them, and the rusty lock clicked as if in mockery of her grief and shame.

## BROUGHAM.

STANDING in the narrow Gothic railed-off space reserved for the public—the throne at the opposite extremity of the House—you may see on one of the benches to the right, almost every afternoon, Saturday and Sunday excepted, during the session, a very old man with a white head, and attired in a simple frock and trousers of shepherd's plaid. It is a leonine head, and the white locks are bushy and profuse. So, too, the eyebrows, penthouses to eyes somewhat weak now, but that can flash fire yet upon occasion. The face is ploughed with wrinkles, as well it may be, for the old man will never see four score years again, and of these, threescore, at the very least, have been spent in study and the hardest labor, mental and physical. The nose is a marvel—protuberant, rugose aggressive, inquiring and defiant; unlovely, but intellectual. There is a trumpet mouth, a belligerent mouth, projecting and self-asserting; largish ears and on chin or cheeks no vestige of hair. Not a beautiful man this on any theory of beauty, Hogarthesque, Ruskinesque, Winkelmanesque, or otherwise. Rather a shaggy, gnarled, battered, weather-beaten, ugly, faithful, Scotch-colly type. Not a soft, imploring, yielding face. Rather a tearing, mocking, pugnacious cast of countenance. The mouth is fashioned to the saying of harsh, hard, impertinent things; not cruel, but downright; but never to whisper compliments, or simper out platitudes. A nose, too, that can snuff the battle afar off, and with dilated nostrils breathe forth a glory that is sometimes terrible; but not a nose for a pouncet-box or a Covent Garden bouquet, or a *flacon* of Frangipani. Would not care much for trifles either, I think, or the delicate aroma of sparkling Moselle. Would prefer onions or strongly infused malt and hops: something honest and unsophisticated. Watch this old man narrowly, young visitor to the Lords. Scan his furrowed visage. Mark his old angular ways and gestures passing uncouth. Now he crouches, very dog-like, on his crimson bench; clasps one shepherd's plaid leg in both his hands. Botherem, Q. C., is talking nonsense, I think. Now the legs are crossed, and the hands thrown behind; now he digs his elbows into the little Gothic writing table before him, and buries the hands in that puissant white hair of his. The quiddities of Fiearem, Q. C., are behind human patience. Then with a wrench, a wriggle, a shake, a half turn and half start up—still very doglike, but of the Newfoundland rather, now—he asks a lawyer or a witness a question. Question very sharp and to the point, not often complimentary by times, and couched in that which is neither broad Scotch nor Northumbrian burr, but a rebellious mixture of the two. Mark him well, eye him closely: you have not much time to lose. Alas! the giant is very old; though with frame yet unenfeebled, with intellect yet gloriously unclouded. But the sands are running, ever running. Watch him, mark him, eye him, score him on your mind's tablets: then home: and in after years it may be your lot to tell your children, that once at least you have seen with your own eyes the famous Lord of Vaux; once listened to the voice that has shaken thrones and made tyrants tremble; that has been a herald of deliverance to millions pining in slavery and captivity; a voice that has given utterance, in man's most eloquent words, to heaven; a voice that has been trumpet-sounding these sixty years past in defence of Truth, and Right, and Justice—in advocacy of the claims of learning and industry, and of the liberties of the great English people, from whose ranks he rose; a voice that should be entitled to a bearing in a Walhalla of wise heroes, after Francis of Verulam and Isaac of Grantham; the voice of one who is wortbily a lord, but who will be yet remembered, and to all time—remembered enthusiastically and affectionately—as the champion of all good and wise and beautiful human things—Harry Brougham.

—*Twice Round the Clock; by George Augustus Sala.*

GREAT is Truth—great is Liberty—great is Humanity; and they must and will prevail.—*John Adams.*

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

The following verses were received in a private letter from the author. They are too good to lie unseen in my hands. Let them give an additional testimony against the iniquitous system of slaveholders, whose tender mercies are cruel.

Speaking of the fugitive whose case suggested the verses, Miss W. says: "He lived in Kentucky—started to run away—walked about 90 miles, I think; part or all the journey was performed in some of the coldest weather; he was taken with lung fever, became insane, thought he was in danger, and wanted to be taken to L—— C—'s, and there he was, and there he died."

### THE DYING FUGITIVE.

SLOWLY o'er his darkened features
Stole the warning shades of death,
And we know the shadowy angel
Waited for his parting breath.

He had started for his freedom,
And his heart beat firm and high,
But, before he won the guerdon,
Came the word that he must die.

He must die, when just before him
Lay the longed-for precious prize,
And the hopes that lit him onward
Faded out before his eyes.

For awhile a fearful madness
Rested on his weary brain,
And he thought the hateful tyrant
Had rebound his galling chain.

Then he cried in bitter anguish,
"Take me where that good man dwells";
For a name to freedom precious
Lingered 'mid life's shattered cells.

But, as sunshine gently breaking
On a storm-cloud's gloomy track,
Through the tempests of his bosom
Came the light of reason back;

And without a sigh or murmur
For the home he'd left behind,
Calmly yielded he his spirit
To the Father of mankind;

Thankful that so near to freedom
He with eager feet had trod,
E'er his ransomed spirit rested
On the bosom of his God.

FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

## BRACKETT'S BUST OF JOHN BROWN.

THE best things of this world never obtrude themselves on public notice. Walking through Washington street, one may see plenty of rich jewelry sparkling in the windows, graceful statuettes, and vases moulded into every form of beauty. But the gem of gems, the thing most worth seeing in all the city, is in an artist's studio, up two flights of stairs, No. 24 Tremont-row. There those who visit Boston can see Brackett's wonderful bust of John Brown. That the whole press has not lauded it, with one universal chorus of praise, is merely because the name of John Brown is, at this time, an apple of discord.

Those who knew the martyr-hero well pronounce it an admirable likeness. Such is the written testimony of Sennott, the lawyer who was with him during his trial. The artist labored under the disadvantage of not being allowed to enter the prison when he went to Virginia for the purpose of making this bust. But a friend took accurate measurements for him, and he had enlarged photographs to guide him. It is also a fortunate circumstance that he chanced to meet John Brown in the streets of Boston several months before his brave bearing at Harper's Ferry had made him world-famous. The expression of the face and the carriage of the head attracted his artistic eye. He said to himself, "There's a head for a sculptor." He looked after him earnestly, and went back in order to pass him again. Upon inquiring who it was, he was told, "That is old John Brown of Kansas." The strong impression then made on his mind had much to do with his subsequent desire of going to Virginia for the purpose of modelling his head. The Virginians refused to grant opportunities for this work, partly because they suspected he was secretly employed to make a plan of the jail with a view to rescue, and partly because they wanted John Brown to die, and there to be "an end of him," as some of them expressed it; a wish which does not seem to be in a very fair way of fulfilment.

When the artist returned, his soul was so completely absorbed in his work that John Brown was continually before him, in the dreams of the night and the mental visions of the day. He read attentively all his writings and sayings, in order to become thoroughly imbued with his character. With such concentration of thought, perhaps, it is not extraordinary that he should have produced an excellent likeness. But it requires genius to make it so alive. It is this that makes it impress me more deeply than anything I have seen of modern sculpture. There are many statues with graceful outline, and exquisitely cut; but the *soul*, that made the marble seem to breathe in ancient sculpture, is almost always wanting. In Brackett's Bust of Brown, the character of the man looks through the features wonderfully. Any good judge that examined it, without knowing whom it was intended to portray, would say, "That is a man of strong will, and lofty courage; kindly of heart, and religious to the very core of his being."

A Boston gentleman, who had lived much in Europe, exclaimed, "It is singularly like Michael Angelo's Moses!" Other visitors have also observed this resemblance. But Mr. Brackett had never seen Michael Angelo's Moses, nor any representation of it. In fact, the similarity is merely in character. It is the sublime expression, the air of moral grandeur, which connects the two in the imagination of the spectator. This is not surprising, when we reflect that Michael Angelo had for his ideal the ancient hero who led his brethren out of bondage at the command of Jehovah, and Brackett sought to embody the modern hero, whose soul was filled with the same great idea.

That the effect produced on my mind is not peculiar, I will prove by two witnesses, whose prejudices would have predisposed them to be unfavorable critics. The sculptor's conservative friends were, of course, not pleased with the object of his visit to Virginia. One of them, meeting him in State street a short time ago, said, "What are you doing now, Brackett?" "I have just finished my bust of John Brown," was the reply. "Ah, I was sorry to hear of your going to Virginia. It will be a great injury to you," said the conservative. The sculptor replied, "An artist must seek materials wherever he can find them; and rarely can *such* material be found as the head of John Brown. You had better come and see it." "Not I. The old murderer!" was the abrupt answer. "Then come and look at the bust of Choate; for I have completed that also," said Mr. Brackett. A few days afterward, the Hunker gentleman called too see the bust of Choate. As he stood before it, he glanced furtively, from time to time, at the head of John Brown, which stood near by. It seemed to attract him powerfully; for he soon turned and gazed upon it. At last, he asked, "Is that a good likeness?" "Those who knew John Brown well agree in telling me so," replied the Sculptor. The hunker looked at it thoughtfully; and said, "I would give a good deal to to think it was a fancy sketch." In the presence of that calm, strong, reverential head, he could not repeat the words, "An old murderer!"

An artist who was extremely hostile to John Brown, after looking at this magnificent head, exclaimed, "The old curse! He ought to be ashamed of himself, for making all the rest of us look so mean."

This remarkable bust is ordered in marble. There are also many orders for copies in plaster. Admirable photographs of it are for sale; but, of course, the best of photographs can never do entire justice to statues.

Should this head be dug up, after lying buried for centuries, and there should be no clue to its history, it would at once take conspicuous rank in galleries of Art, and men would say to each other, "It might be a head of Jupiter, were there not something so Christian in its character."

L. MARIA CHILD.

## TWELFTH DAY.

TWELFTH-DAY has been celebrated in France since the first days of the monarchy. Twelfth-day cakes are mentioned in a charter of the year 1311, signed by the Bishop of Amiens. When the usage was first introduced, every family made its own cake; but when people ceased to bake their own bread, they went to bakers for such cakes also, until the pastrycooks, in 1717, claimed the exclusive privilege of making them, and obtained a decree from the Parliament forbidding bakers to mix either butter or eggs in their dough. The custom of drawing the bean was observed at the table of the French kings. Anne of Austria, who was very devout, always had portions of the cake cut for the Virgin and the infant Jesus, which were distributed to the poor. "In 1649," says Mme. de Motteville, "the queen, to amuse the king, ordered a cake, which she cut up herself, and honored me and my sister by giving us a slice. We made her Majesty the queen of the feast, because the bean was found in the part which fell to the Virgin. The Queen ordered a bottle of hypocras to be brought, and we all drank to her Majesty's health. When her Majesty drank, we all cried out, 'The Queen drinks!'" In 1684, Twelfth-day was celebrated with great splendor by Louis XIV. There were five tables, one for the princes and lords, and four for the ladies. A cake was cut up, and a king or queen chosen at each. The King named ambassadors to felicitate the new sovereigns on their accession and make treaties with them. Much ready wit was displayed in the speeches of the different ambassadors, and Louis XIV. was so much amused that he gave a similar *fête* the week following. Twelfth-cakes were sometimes used as a means of fortune-telling. One Twelfth night when Louis XV. and the last three kings, his grandsons, were present, the bean happened to be cut into three pieces, which has been considered a prophetic announcement of the successive reigns of the three brothers. The upper part first separated presaged the tragic death of the young Duke of Berry, afterwards Louis XVI.; the lower part being broken was the symbol of the fall of the monarchy in the reign of the last of the three, Charles X.—*Paris Cor. London Morning Advertiser.*

## JOHN BROWN OF PRIESTHILL.

"ALL usual forms of law," says Sir Walter Scott, "all the bulwarks by which the subjects of a country are protected against the violence of armed power were at once broken down; and officers and soldiers received commissions not only to apprehend, but to interrogate and punish any persons whom they might suspect of fanatical principles; and, if they thought proper, they might put them to death on the spot." This state of things continued, with scarcely any intermission, from the year 1680 to the year 1685; and a true history of Scotland during that period would consist of little else than a list of trials for nonconformity, and a collection of anecdotes respecting the sufferings of the wandering covenanters.

Of all the stories which the annals of the time have preserved to us, none is so affecting as that of John Brown of Priesthill. The farm of Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, was occupied during "the trying times" by John Brown, by profession a carrier, and a man respected all the country round for his piety and upright character. He had not been present either at Pentland or Bothwell, but was well known for his attachment to the persecuted cause. His wife, Marion Wier, was a very superior woman, of a lively and humorous disposition. They were married in 1682 at a conventicle, by Mr. Peden, one of the most noted of the Cameronian preachers. "You have a good husband," said he to Marion Wier, when the ceremony was over; "value him highly; keep him for a winding sheet beside you, for, in a day when you least expect it, he may be taken from you." The house of Priesthill, occupied by the pious couple, with a little daughter of the husband, by a former wife, stands to this day. It is on the brow of a hill, behind which rises an extensive tract of heath, moss-hags and rocks. Here many a little meeting for worship had been held at the carrier's fireside, and many a wanderer had found shelter. One evening in May, 1685, Peden, who had been in Ireland for some time, but had now returned to Scotland, paid a visit to Priesthill. He staid all night, and in the morning, when he took farewell, he said to Marion Wier, "Poor woman—a fearful morning! A dark and misty morning!"

When Peden was gone, John Brown took a spade in his hand, and went out to made ready some peat ground. It was a thick mist; and, before he was aware, he was surrounded by a body of dragoons, with Claverhouse at their head. To all the questions which were put by them he returned distinct and fluent answers—a circumstance the more extraordinary, as he usually stammered much when addressing a stranger. Surprised at his composure, Claverhouse asked if he was a preacher. Those who had guided him to the house replied, "No, no; he never was a preacher." "If he has never preached," said Claverhouse, "mickle has he prayed in his time." Then turning to Brown, he said, "Go to your prayers now for the last time, for you shall immediately die." The poor man obeyed; and, kneeling down, began to pray earnestly. Three times Claverhouse interrupted him; once when, in allusion to the state of the times, he was pleading that "the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full and in the day of His anger," "I gave you time," said Claverhouse, "to pray, and ye are begun to preach." "Sir," said Brown, turning round on his knees, "you know the nature neither of preaching nor praying, if you call this 'preaching.' When he had ended, Claverhouse said, "Take good night of your wife and children." Turning to his wife, who was standing by with her child in her arms, and her husband's little daughter by her side, he said:

"Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me."

She said: "Indeed, John, in this cause I am willing to part with you." "Then," he said, "this is all I desire; I have no more to do but to die." "He kissed," continues the narrative, "his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied to them, and his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him. The most part of the bullets came upon his head and spattered his brains upon the ground. Marion Wier had never before that been able to look upon blood without being in danger to faint, yet she was helped to be a witness to all this without either fainting or confusion, except that when the shots went off her eyes dazzled. When the deed was over, Claverhouse said to her, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' 'I ever thought meikle o' him,' she replied, 'and now more than ever.' It was but justice, said he, to lay thee beside him. 'If you were permitted,' she said, 'I doubt not but your cruelty would go to that length; but how will you answer for this morning's work?' 'To man,' he said, 'I can be answerable; and as for God, I will take him in my own hand.' He then mounted his horse and rode off, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there. She got the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbors, it was some time before any friends came to her."—*Chambers's Miscellany.*

## OLD CUSTOMS AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

FORMERLY a buck's head was carried in procession at St. Paul's Cathedral. This, by some antiquaries, is presumed to have been a continuation of a ceremony in more ancient times, when, according to certain accounts, a heathen temple existed on that site. It is remarkable that this notion as to the usage is entertained by writers whose experience, in other respects, has obtained them well-earned regard. The origin of the custom is stated by Stow to the following purport;

Mentioning the opinion already noticed, which, strange to tell, has been urged ever since his time, he says, in his refutation, "But true it is, I have read an ancient deed to this effect"; and the "effect" is—that in 1294, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's granted twenty-two acres of land, part of their Manor of Westley, in Essex, to Sir William Baud, Knight, for the purpose of being inclosed by him within his park of Curringham; in consideration whereof he undertook to bring to them on the feast-day of the Conversion of St. Paul, in winter, a good doe, seasonable and sweet; and upon the feast of the Commemoration of St. Paul, in summer, a good buck, and offer the same to be spent (or divided) among the canons resident; the doe to be brought by one man at the hour of procession, and through the procession to the high altar, and the bringer to have nothing; the buck to be brought by all his men in like manner, and they to be paid twelvepence only, by the chamberlain of the church, and no more to be required.

For the performance of this annual present of venison be charged his lands and bound his heirs; and twenty-seven years afterwards his son, Sir Walter, confirmed the grant. The observance of this ceremony as to the buck was very curious, and in this manner: On the aforesaid feast-day of the Commemoration, the buck being brought up to the steps of the high altar in St. Paul's Church at the hour of procession, and the Dean and Chapter being apparelled in their copes and vestments, with garlands of roses on their heads, they sent the body of the buck to be baked; and having fixed the head on a pole, caused it to be borne before the cross in their procession within the church, until they issued out of the west door. There, the keeper that brought it blew "The death of the buck," and then the horners that were about the city answered him in like manner. For this the Dean and Chapter gave each man fourpence in money and a dinner, and the keeper that brought it was allowed, during his abode there, meat, drink, and lodging, at the Dean and Chapter's charges, and 5s. in money at his going away, together with a loaf of bread, with a picture of St. Paul on it. It appears, also, that the granters of the venison present to St. Paul's Cathedral two special suits of vestments, to be worn on those two days, one being embroidered with bucks, and the other with does.

The translator of Dupré's work on the *Conformity between Ancient and Modern Ceremonies*, also misled by other authorities, presumed that the "bringing up of a fat buck to the altar of St. Paul's, with hunters' horns blowing, &c., in the middle of Divine service," was of heathen derivation, whereas we see it was only a provision for a venison feast by the Romish clergy, in return for some waste land of one of their manors.—*City Press.*

## WOMEN AND WORK.

A SUBJECT which has excited a great deal of discussion, and which the laws of the various States are constantly recognizing more and more, has just received most thoughtful treatment, and therefore a treatment full of practical good sense, in a small handsome volume of only 184 pages, by Mrs. Dall, published by Walker, Wise & Co., in Boston.

The question is not treated by her in the manner of the Woman's Rights Conventions, that is by declamation and appeals; but by a calm presentation of copious facts, based upon very careful study and observation. She invokes no other charity than that of thought. She is willing to allow for the pressure of habit and adverse taste. But starting from the fact, which is beyond denial, that most women in the world have to support themselves, and that at least half the hard work is done by them, she insists that what is wanting is not so much money to help the needy—whether men or women—but *thought* to enable them to help themselves. She shows from Dr. Sanger's terrible book of New York misery, and Mayhew's Statistics in London, and Duchatelet, and other competent authorities, that the few avenues of employment open to woman force upon her the awful problem of Death or Dishonor; and then meeting the question boldly whether women are not poorly paid because they are poor workers, she shows quite clearly that the difficulty lies in a want of respect for women as workers, based upon other considerations than their industrial ability—and then a jealousy of them on the part of other laborers.

By showing what women have done, and what they are now doing, she reminds us how many spheres might yet be opened to them, and goes bravely into enumeration and detail; nor does she forget to allude to the moral amelioration of affairs that would ensue upon a more general participation of women in the higher work of the world. The book concludes with some practical plans by which the young women of a happier fortune in life, and who are constantly asking what they can do in the matter, may find something to do. The whole work is prepared in the most earnest, practical, intelligent spirit. She does not forget that in the order of nature there are peculiar cares that fall upon women. But she does not also forget—what is so universally forgotten—that upon most women, whether mothers or not, the necessity of labor is heavily laid. "Plenty of employments are open to them